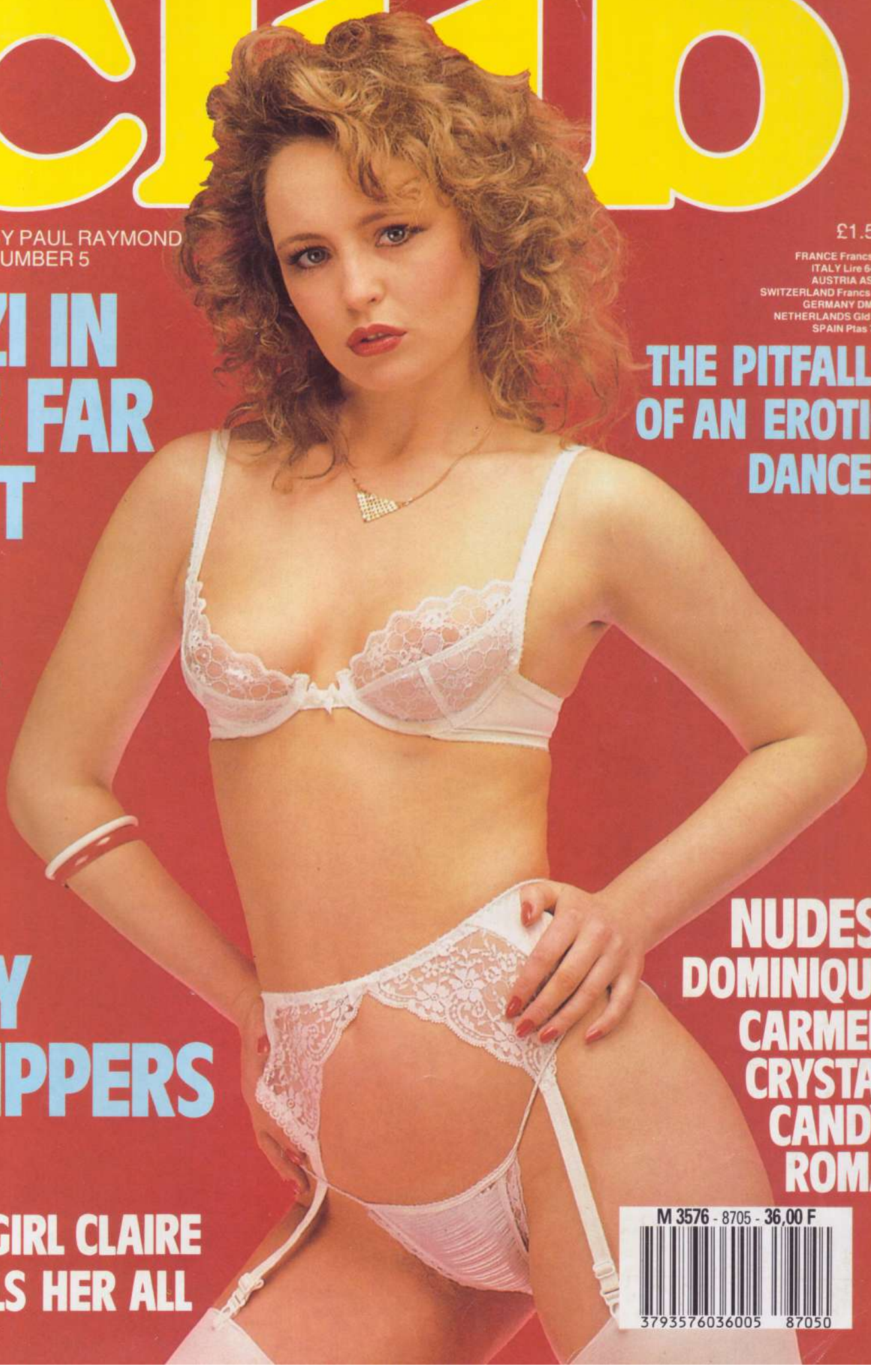
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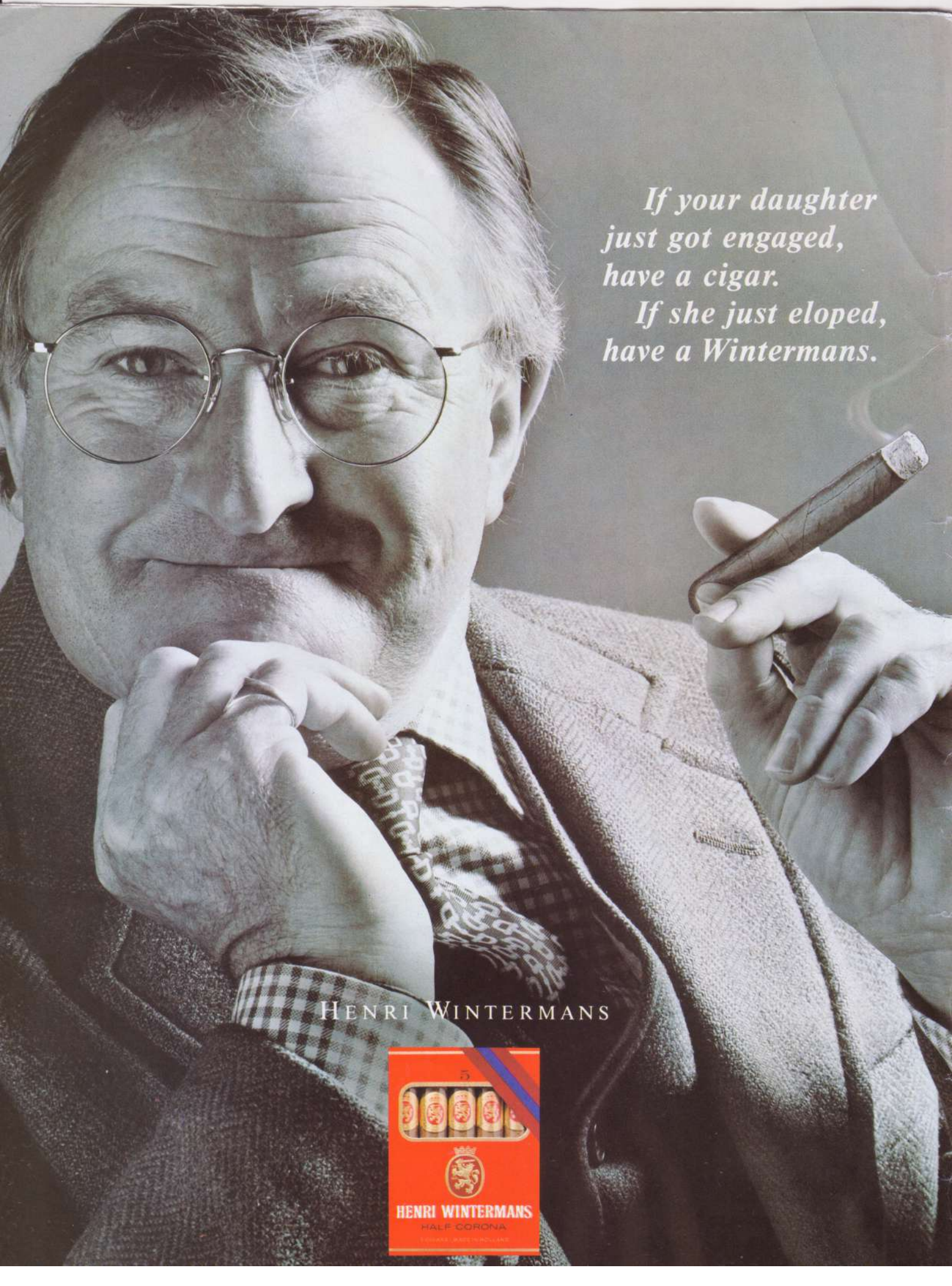
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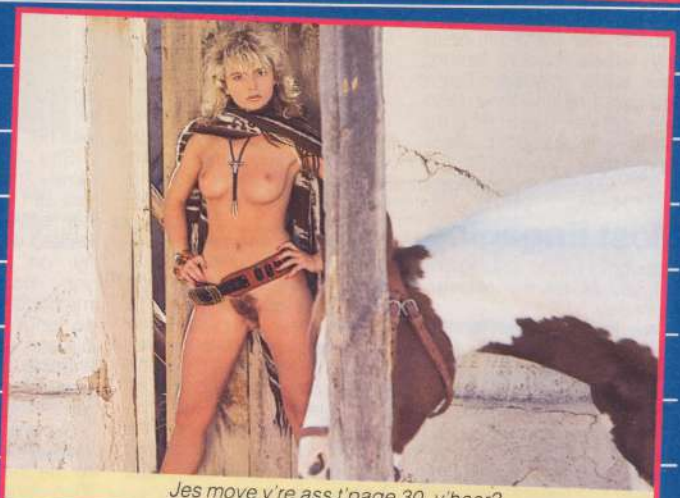
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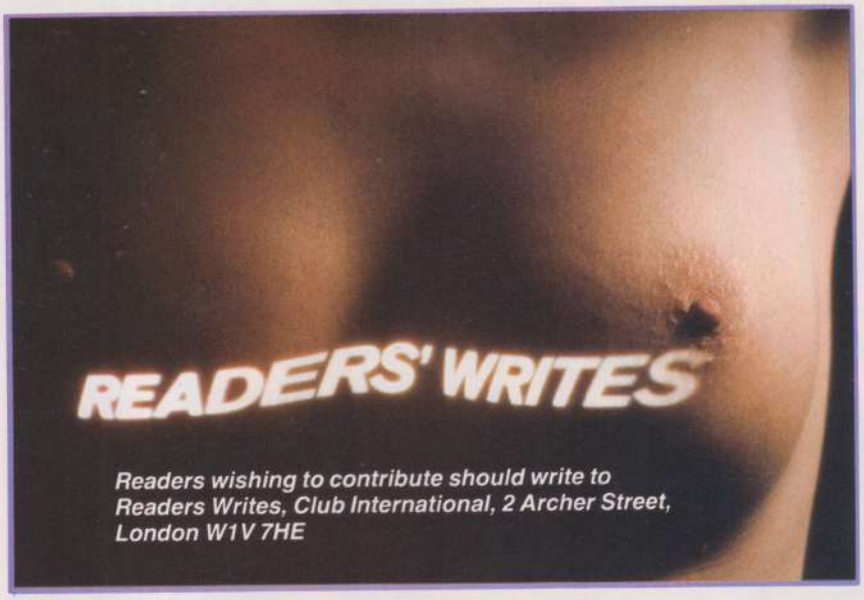
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READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Chopped Carrot?

I don't know if you can count any female carrots among your many readers. But if you can, I reckon they might well get a kick from the rather well-endowed specimen in the enclosed pic . . .

CF, Southampton

Most Engaging

I thought I would write in and tell you about my engagement day.

We had the two families over for the afternoon, and the evening was all ours. I took Maria to an Italian restaurant. It didn't have any dim lights or soft music, but that didn't stop us from getting romantic (or should I say "randy"). Anyway, we were eating our main course when I noticed that, as Maria leaned over to reach the wine, her low-necked dress revealed a glowing pair of breasts that seemed to be bursting out of her bra. I could feel a chill slowly creeping up my spine, and I could feel my penis beginning to throb with extreme excitement. I felt my knees go weak as I stared down her top at her large, bulging breasts that looked so inviting.

As we finished our meal and ordered coffee, Maria slowly placed her hand on my inside leg and began to caress me. This sent my penis wild with excitement, and I could sense that she too was feeling rather hot as she glared down at the bulge between my legs. She took hold of my hand and placed it between her legs, begging me to touch her.

I slowly moved my hand up her legs to feel her love juices slowly oozing down her inside leg. This made me feel very randy. She begged me to place my fingers higher up. As I did so, I discovered her sleek, lacy undies were very wet. I imagined my tongue licking up all her love juice as she lay with her legs apart.

She moved my fingers slowly into her undies, but just as I was getting near to her entrance, the waitress walked over and placed our bill on the table. "Thank you," I said, quickly pulling my hand away from where it so longed to be. I paid the bill and we hurriedly left, not wanting to waste any more time. We got into the car and left for the hotel.

As we drove along in a stony silence, it was obvious to me that Maria was hotter then I had ever seen her. With one hand, she began to undo the buttons of her dress; and with the other, she began to fondle her breasts.

She began to pull her dress up, revealing her black lacy suspenders and those very revealing undies – which made my penis long for that moment when I would be in between her legs, thrusting eagerly.

On our way through the hotel corridors to our room Maria had started to undress herself. She had undone one button as we opened the door. She went over to the bed and lay down, looking really inviting. She was begging me to lie beside her and touch her.

As I lay down, she placed her hand inside her panties, revealing her pubic hairs. She began to finger herself and begged me to undress her.

I began to undo her buttons and started to kiss her all over. She moaned with pleasure, took my hand and placed it on her pussy. As I was fingering her, she took hold of my penis and started to wank me off violently.

By this time we were both lying naked on the bed. I grasped her breasts and started to lick them. They were large, and the nipples stiff.

She begged me to go down on her, so I slowly withdrew my fingers from inside her and vigorously stuck my tongue in their place. We went into a 69 position, and she seemed to swallow my entire penis. But it was the best blow job I had ever had from her.

I could no longer resist those juicy lips of hers, which looked so inviting. I withdrew my tongue and watched as she began to finger herself. This really was my day! I began to wank until I couldn't hold back any longer. I mounted her, thrusting my penis as far as I could inside her. This lasted for quite a while, then she turned me over on to my back and mounted me. She moved up and down on top of my penis, kissing all my body, then placed her breasts in my mouth and asked me to bite them.

Just as we were both about to come, she quickly leapt up from on top of me and stuck my penis in her mouth. I watched as she drank my come with pleasure. Then, without a word, she took the remaining come into her hands and smeared it over her body. We lay there – both exhausted, but totally fulfilled.

I hope you'll print this letter, as it would make my fiancée very happy to see her engagement night in print.

Name and address withheld



Chopped Carrot: *Bursting with more than Vitamin A*

Wonderful, Wonderful . . .

Do you know if Copenhagen has any sort of nightlife, or if it has an area to compare with Hamburg's Reeperbahn?

PP, Epsom

No, but if you contact the Danish Tourist Board, they'll probably send you a photocopy of ***Life with Linzi*** *– Ed.*

Gissa Job

I realize you're not an information desk, but I need the address of the North Sea oil rig offices; I would like to apply for a job. I remember seeing an advert in one of your magazines, but I can't find the copy.

DS, Switzerland

The address you want is: North Sea Oil Rig Offices Inc., Hopeful Street, Chancertown – Ed.

Willing Wife

My wife, Janet, is the kind of woman most men dream of meeting. She has the sort of figure that can make a man come in his pants. Her stunning body boasts a pair of firm breasts, and between her long, slender legs nestles a fantastic cunt that is always ready, eager and tight.

continued on page 6



CANDY

There comes the point when background bio is more or less superfluous. Candy's got the most sensational tits to have featured in Club for a long time. But Candy won't have it, retorting with the classic: "I'm more than just a pair of 36-inch boobs, you know," line of defence. Of course you are, darling! But perhaps that argument would have more credibility if you kept your blouse on? Anyway, let's hear what this 22-year-old stunner from Staines, Middlesex has to say for herself. **On modelling:** "You know instinctively if you're up to it – you don't need an agent to tell you the obvious. The choice is yours and yours alone. My problem is, I'm highly qualified and I've got a good job, and I find it hard to compromise a nine-to-five with modelling. But I'd feel I was wasting myself if I didn't exploit my body. Otherwise it would be like having £10,000 in a safe deposit box; safe, but not earning a penny interest." Does she mean she has this urge to get it out and play with it every now and again? **On boyfriends:** "I still find time for them, despite my commitments. For nightclubbing and media appointments I go around with a hunky male model, but Saturday nights are reserved for someone special." Any vices, lurid kinks, cravings for the bizarre? "Well, I've got this craving for Terry's Pyramints. I can't get enough!" Candy giggles, girlishly. Thanks, luv. That was most edifying . . .

But the real treat starts on page 8!

irl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

CARMEN

With her professionally dishevelled hairdo and slender (though not exactly waif-like!) proportions, she epitomises the late '80s "look". Yes, lean and healthy, that's how we like 'em today. Superfit like Carmen here – the type of lady who'd never say no to an all-night press-ups session! Of course, at 19 years of age, you don't have to deny yourself strawberry Cornettos or jog five miles a day to keep in trim. You're in top nick without really trying, and, with Carmen's exquisitely pretty looks by way of a bonus, the cash keeps coming in. "Yes, I definitely seem to be the flavour of the month right now," says this Derby coalminer's daughter, reflecting on her chock-full portfolio. "Lingerie and glamourwise, that is. What I really wanted to be was a fashion model, but I'm two inches too short. Anyway, my agent says I'm too bright to make a good clothes horse!" During the working week, Carmen is based in Parson's Green SW6 (aka Yuppieland), "home" consisting of a tiny studio flat which she recently bought for the giveaway price of £56,000. Some bargain. "Still, the mortgage repayments are only slightly more than I'd pay to rent a place," she says, resigned (somewhat reluctantly, one feels) to her heavy commitment. No matter. The way this young model's career is taking off, her days of worrying about the mortgage are surely numbered. **And the number YOU want is 44 . . .**





CLAIRE

Claire is a girl with very long legs. And jolly nice they are, too. But get on the wrong side of this superbly supple 21-year-old from Reading, and you'll find those lovely legs can be downright bloody lethal. Claire, you see, is a karate black belt 2nd Dan – which certainly makes her a lady to be reckoned with. Or does it? "I'm not in the slightest bit aggressive, but very few black belts are. We're trained to use our skills with great discretion, you know, and being a black belt doesn't necessarily mean I'd stand my ground and pulverize an attacker until I'd broken every bone in his body. The main advantage is that I'd be fit enough to give him a swift kick in the balls and run like hell." And fit enough for other, more pleasurable, pursuits . . .? "Ha! Yes, I wondered when you'd get around to that! Well, this *is* Club International, so I suppose I should tell you what you want to hear. I *am* very strong and agile in the sack, and I like to know afterwards that I've really been involved in a vigorous session. Because of that, I need a man who can match me for staying power – and that's easier said than done. Can you recommend anyone?" Well, without wishing to boast . . .! **You'll certainly get a kick out of Claire's pictures on page 57.**

ROMA

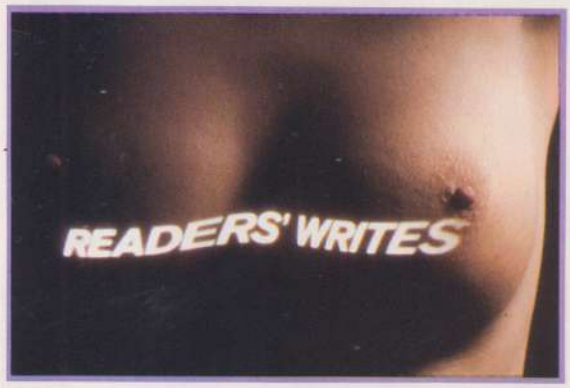
At 21 years of age, Roma's yet another emigre from the "depressed" North-East, as that (apparently doomed) region is portrayed by the media. But not for the first time in recent months, we hear this popular preconception derided: "The unemployment *is* pretty grim," Roma agrees. "But Northerners have never been ones to sit around and sulk. Drive through Teesside and you'll see as many C and D-registered cars as in London. The pubs are full, the nightclub scene is booming . . . Things really aren't that bad." Oh no? Then why did Roma come South? For the climate? "Fewer Northern girls are coming to London than when the smokestack industries were thriving at the turn of the century," says this admittedly man-mad economics graduate. "Girls in those days wanted to avoid working in the mills, and headed South in droves to work in the new department stores, or even in domestic service. But nowadays the tendency is to stay put. Hardly surprising when you consider what women are earning at Nissan." Thanks for the social survey, sweetheart. And Southern men? "Definitely more neurotic!" says Roma, warming to the subject. "More vain, too – but so *romantic!* But best of all, living in London means I can date three different boys a week without having to worry what the neighbours think!" **See what you think of page 67!**





CRYSTAL

You look at Crystal and you think: "Yes! This is how Barbra Streisand should have looked!" Then you listen to soft-spoken Crystal's American accent and you think: "Yes! And this is *definitely* how she should have sounded!" In fact, Crystal is a living lesson to all would-be glamour pusses. Overall she's a very exciting, amusing, incredibly sexy young lady, but taken feature by feature, she's really nothing out of the ordinary. And Crystal's the first to admit it: "My nose is too long, my boobs are a bit flat, and my bottom's too big," she reckons. "But I don't think having a nose job or a silicon implant would turn me into a movie star, do you? I'm quite happy as I am." As regards the finer aspects of Crystal's physique, she may well have a point. But the overall effect (as when she bent down to take a pack of Marlboro from her handbag!) is just stunningly erotic. The bottom line? You don't have to be built like Samantha Fox to make it big in Crystal's line of business. **Take a look at her bulging portfolio on page 78 and you'll see what we mean.**



continued from page 4

Janet loves to suck me off while I lick her out, and her cunt is still hungry long after I am fucked dry. She gets lots of pleasure talking to men and watching them get worked up. When this happens, she leaves immediately.

One evening we had our usual night at the local, and had invited Chris and John back for some supper. Janet sat with us for about an hour, during which time she gave the lads good eyefuls of stocking-tops and thigh. By the time she decided to go to bed, they obviously thought they were in for a good night. However, Jan was the worse for drink by now and I helped her upstairs. I lay her naked on the bed, covered with just one sheet.

Jan probably hoped she aroused men enough for them to follow her to bed – and was then disappointed when they didn't. Giving this some thought, I told the lads to come upstairs with me.

Jan was asleep. Rolling down the sheet to expose her naked body, I placed my hand over her cunt. As I fingered her, I gently pulled her legs wide until they were fully spread.

After a while Jan mumbled something, her arms and legs wide open, and her cunt gaping invitingly.

Chris got down between her thighs and buried his face in her curly patch as he licked her cunt. Her nipples hardened and her breathing rate increased. When Jan started to thrust back and upwards rapidly, I thought she was going to open her eyes and see what was happening. So we turned her over, with her knees under her so her bottom was raised. Gesturing Chris to fuck her, I moved so her head was between my legs and then raised it so my erect prick was near her face. I watched her as Chris entered her. First she gasped, then her eyes opened wide, her head lifted and her mouth opened.

I pushed my knob to her lips and pressed her head down very slowly. Jan wriggled her arse delightfully and shuffled her knees further apart to make her cunt more accessible as Chris thrust into her. She was fully awake by now and knew what was happening to her. She cried as her head pumped wildly at my cock. Then her cries subsided when Chris shot his come into her. Quickly, he changed places with John, whose swollen shaft slid right up her.

When I withdrew from her eager mouth, she grabbed almost hysterically for Chris's spunk-sodden cock and began licking and sucking it clean of their combined juices. Almost as quickly as we were screwing her, she was willingly licking us clean and sucking us erect again.

From that night she has been a changed woman. Any man who finds himself in our house is almost guaranteed the pleasure of her cunt.

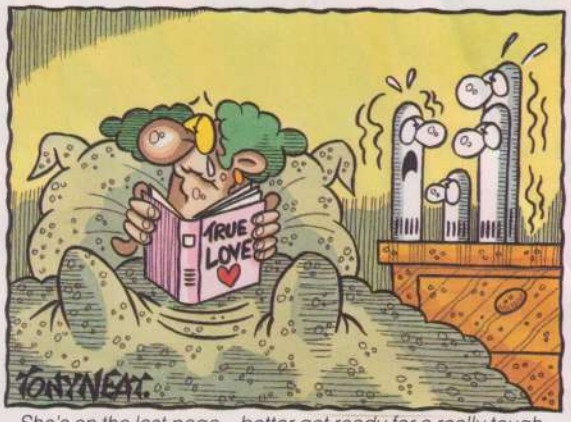
Some look at me startled as Jan takes their cocks out and takes them in her mouth: she always likes to suck the first spunk from them. As she bends over the first guy, the others slobber at her upturned arse: skirt high, stockinged thighs wide, vulnerable cunt in full view and tits hanging.

The most incredible display to date took place one night when a couple of lads were getting the treatment from Jan. She was naked and alternately sucking them. So involved with them was she, she had forgotten my brother and his mate (lorry drivers) were coming to stay the night. Jan spent all night being soundly fucked by four men. At 22, Jan is looking for much more cock yet. *IW, Nottingham*



French Toast: *Claudette exudes plenty of Gallic charm*

VIBES by Tony Neat



She's on the last page – better get ready for a really tough workout, lads!

French Toast

Ooh-la-bloody la! Well . . . I don't speak the French lingo that well, but I could certainly do a bit of frenching on that gorgeous bird you had in The French Connection in Club 16/2. That Serge Jacques photographer guy must have the best job in the world as far as I'm concerned – the number of class chicks he gets for your mag is fantastic.

To tell the truth, I haven't got time for a lot of the habits of our chums across the water – snails and smelly-sock fags and those pissoirs where everybody can see your hairy legs – but I must confess that the gals have got some style. They always make the most of their sexuality – and Claudette is a prime example. She's eminently shaggable – all in the cause of international relations, you understand – and the way she holds those pearls just adds the final touch. I can just imagine getting my head between those soft thighs and lifting up that pink camisole so I can get my eager tongue on her own love pearl.

As long as you have class foreign women like this then my subscription is assured.
Alan, Derby

Treble Time

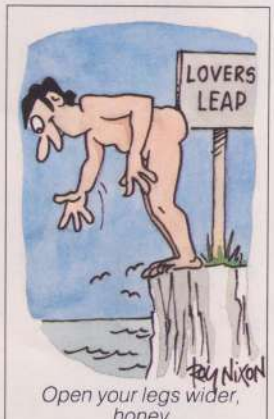
My mate Bob and I work in an engineering factory. The other day we were on overtime, as there was a rush job the company wanted out. We were the only two working, as the job had to be done on the machines we operate.

About 5.30 pm, Sharon – who works in the offices – came into the factory. All the blokes fancy Sharon, who's 18 years old with long, brown hair; pretty but tarty-looking; and always wears short skirts and long boots.

Bob called her over, so we stopped our machines while she glided over. We chatted her up and made the usual crude suggestions, to which she replied that she reckoned we were all talk. So I suggested she come with us to the maintenance stores and she could find out. To our surprise, she agreed.

Once inside the stores, Bob started to kiss her while I stripped off. I then pulled Sharon off Bob and got her down on her knees so she could suck my cock. She soon had me hard. I then removed her skirt and pulled her skimpy panties off.

In the meantime, Bob had taken his trousers and underpants off and was sitting on a wooden crate. He ushered Sharon over to suck his cock, so I moved behind her, ran my hands over her fine arse and then thrust my cock into her wet pussy. After a few strokes, I felt Sharon shudder to a climax. I wasn't far behind, and after a few more deep thrusts I let out a moan as I shot my load into her snatch.



Open your legs wider, honey

COME AGAIN



After I had pulled my wilted prick out, Bob said he wanted to fuck her, so we changed position. Sharon had soon sucked my cock hard again, while Bob was pummelling her from the rear. Bob said he wanted to come over her lovely arse, and, after several more strokes, he pulled his prick from her pussy and wanked off over her arse, shooting his creamy spunk all over her bum cheeks. This sight was too much for me, and, pulling Sharon's head hard down on my cock, I shot a second load into her mouth. She swallowed it greedily.

We all got dressed, and Bob and I went back to finishing our urgent job. We reckoned afterwards it was the most productive evening's overtime we'd ever worked. *Tom, London W4*

Gone Fishin'

As my car pulled into the huge driveway of this splendid house in the Suffolk countryside, I noticed the delicate lace curtains flicker gently in the upstairs bedroom window as if signalling my arrival.

I had just decided to spend the weekend with my mother's friend to get away from home to have a few days' fishing on the river running adjacent to the house, and escape the dole queue for a while. I was a despondent 19-year-old man taking a well-earned break while awaiting a date for entry into the Royal Navy.

I was greeted by my mother's friend, Sue, with smiles and chatter as I entered the long hallway. "There, love, just put your fishing tackle down there and go and sit in the living room while I make you a cup of coffee." I did as I was told and sat in the big armchair, trying to take in the richness of the surroundings.

Sue, whose husband was working abroad, was 36. Although she was a mother of three, she still retained the beauty and figure of a youthful woman. She reappeared and sat down opposite me. Then we chatted for a while.

Later, she smiled and told me she was going to bed. She showed me to my room.

I dumped my kit and got undressed. It seemed ages before I could get any sleep at all. All I could think of was Sue's smiling face as she left me. I got up and gently opened my bedroom door. Gently creeping across the landing towards the bathroom, I noticed her door was open and peered inside. I could just about make out the sleeping figure when the floorboards creaked loudly; she sat up and looked towards me. She was wearing a very fetching nightie.

"I, er, have a terrible headache and I wondered if you had anything for it?" I

continued on page 95

Every one of our readers (God bless 'em all!) is an individual, and individuals all like different things. You can imagine how uplifting it is, then, to receive dozens of letters that are so similar in tone, one is tempted to wonder whether or not they emanate from the same source.

This has been the situation in the office of late: almost every visit from the postman has meant more lustful praise for Kay, the sex kitten we featured in Vol 16 No 2, landing on the *Come Again* desk. We can't mention everyone here (this isn't a Variety Club awards ceremony, you know), but those who dropped us a line included Simon from Huddersfield, Vicky from Telford, Grant from Paisley, Colin from West Bromwich and Ian, also from West Bromwich.

Janine, Peterborough, was filled with feminine admiration. "I reckon Kay sets the standard by which all girls with aspirations towards sexuality should adhere to. Simply ravishing." Apologies to Janine for publishing such a brief extract from what was a very long letter. We do appreciate that Peterborough is such a boring town, there's nothing else to do except write long letters.

Martin has probably been there, too, on account of his living in Stamford, which is just along the road. Thankfully, though, he hasn't been affected by the Peterborough disease:

The pictures of Kay really have had a profound effect on me, you know. My girlfriend, Rosemary, has a giant Mickey Mouse T-shirt identical to the one Kay's wearing in the pictures (and I don't mean to be unkind when I say that's all they have in common), and she's now wondering why, after more than two years of regular shagging, I ask her to wear that T-shirt while we're on the job. I daren't tell her why, because I'm not supposed to be reading magazines like Club International – and if she found out, she'd probably refuse to do the business at all, never mind with the T-shirt!

And God forbid that she should ever find out what else I get up to when she's not there: I sneak into her bedroom and seek out the T-shirt, only I imagine it to belong to Kay. Armed with that and the magazine, I treat myself to a jolly good wank, imagining all the while that Kay's mouth is doing wonderful things to my stiff.

I have this gut feeling I'm going to be caught out by Rosemary eventually, so I'm determined to make the most of my lust-filled fantasy while my luck holds.

Martin, Stamford





Photographs by Joe King

Candy

















FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE



Starting Out — *Andrew and Jackie*

Andrew, a 22 year old computer engineer from Cornwall, found his job, though interesting, did not bring him into contact with women — indeed his life had become fairly monastic. Jackie, by her own admission on the other hand, had boys queueing to take her out. 'But they were either the wrong ones, they already had girlfriends, or they just mucked me around.' When Jackie's parents discovered she was contemplating joining Dateline they were pretty off-putting. 'What do you want to do that for? It's silly!' Undaunted, Jackie joined anyway! After a telephone call to introduce himself, Andrew said he would pick Jackie up from her home the following Sunday. 'Come in' invited Jackie, and proceeded to introduce him to her mother, her father (hiding in the front room behind a newspaper), her sister, her aunty, her two cousins, and the family dog! A thorough vetting! Within six weeks Andrew felt Jackie was a girl he could settle down with, but didn't voice his feelings for fear of frightening her off. He had also managed to conquer his loathing of discos to some extent, knowing that Jackie liked to dance. It was only fair after all — 'She had to put up with my collecting fossils and going out at night with my telescope to look at the stars!' However, they are now engaged. 'I know I'm young', said Jackie 'but Andrew is the one and I don't want to lose him, and my parents think he's the best thing since sliced bread.' For Andrew, the proof that joining Dateline is the best thing he's ever done, is simply 'Jackie, who is going to be my wife next year.'



New Beginnings — *Judith and Bob*

Long hours as a driver for a Duke and lack of opportunity to meet members of the opposite sex, meant that Bob, a 37 year old divorcee was pretty fed up with his social life. He decided to join Dateline, as he was pretty certain he wasn't going to have the luck to meet someone special any other way! The very first name on his list was that of Judith, a 35 year old medical secretary from Bury. He wrote to her, little expecting he was to meet someone absolutely right for him on the first attempt. But that was how it turned out! Judith had met about half a dozen men through Dateline before meeting Bob; no one special but 'all pleasant and at least not married, as most of the people I had been meeting before had been.' When she got Bob's letter she thought he sounded so very, very nice she couldn't wait to ring him. They liked each other straight away, and within three or four meetings realised they had something special. 'Basically Bob's kind,' explained Judith. 'We got on so well together, I like his children and get on well with his mother and family.' They plan to marry later this year. As Judith says 'It is wonderful. My life has changed so much.' A new job for Bob, a new home; and new beginnings for a very happy couple.

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Fourteen Years On — *Cindy and Tony*

Cindy and Tony met through Dateline way back in 1970 and have now celebrated fourteen years of 'computer matched marriage'. Cindy, at the time, was a 28 year old P.A. with a small son. She was fed up with 'getting involved with men I shouldn't'. Tony was a 33 year old electronics engineer who had just ended a close relationship and wanted to get back into the swing of things. When they met through Dateline they found they had so much in common, but although they saw each other for five months, they didn't really get close because of Tony's attachment to his former girlfriend. However, many months after they had separated, Tony wrote to Cindy asking to see her. She thought he 'had a cheek', but agreed to meet him, and within a few weeks they were in love. They married in 1972 and have never hidden that they met through Dateline. 'It may sound unromantic, but it is logical — and it works!' At least you know the people you meet are in the market for a relationship — and that you have things in common.' For Cindy and Tony joining Dateline was the recipe for 'love - the lasting kind.'



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PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 11

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician. Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).



EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

Monday:

Socialists all have tiny dongs! I've made this amazing discovery over the last couple of weeks and I'm sure it can be twisted into a psycho-sexual theory of politics which will sell a million!

My research shows . . . well, I haven't really been researching as such, but what with losing all the constituency correspondence in the dock (an unfortunate accident that cost me a mere £200 tip to the removal men, but don't type that, Titsypoohs!), and the General Election coming up in June which means half the (exdel) debates are on Bills that will never make it, I've had (exdel) all to do. Except hang around Annie's bar, drinking with journalists. And, as all they can afford is beer, I've been pissing one hell of a lot, too.



Champion of the 'Exdel' grimacing on his way to the Great Debate

Just this morning I was in the next stall to that ardent Red (exdel) – we'll leave out the name. Happened to peek over the urinal and he had the *smallest* one I've ever seen!! Was holding it with tweezers (no, not really, but he'd have been better off that way)! He caught me looking and smiled. "It's not what you've got, it's what you do with it," he said.

"(Exdel) crap," I said. "That's just what women say to smallprick men they're fond of!"

Well, yes, that *was* cruel, but it really was minute, Titsy! I don't know how he dare call himself a Member at all!

Of course, he got very upset and wouldn't leave me alone. Cornered me in the bar asking me if size *really* mattered to women and that sort of thing. Well, you know and I know (being Tories) that it's all a matter of individual taste. Which woman? Which man? And so on. But socialists don't think like that. It's all down to statistics and what the *majority* of women prefer. You know what he admitted to me, Titsy? He said his analyst told him he was the first man he'd ever met who suffered from Penis Envy!!

Laugh!

No wonder he's always on about equality and putting the means of reproduction into the hands of the workers (perhaps that should read the "tweezers of the workers". I haven't read Marx).

Well, that started me on my theory. Obvious, really. The reason the Reds are so envious of people with more than they have and wish to steal it and spread it equally, is psychological. They're using money and privilege as a symbol of the big *cocks* they desire, but haven't got. Right? And the Social Democrats have all got big ones, anyway, so they can afford to be so damn balanced and complacent. And us Tories, having extremely average equipment, feel that everyone should quit whining and make do with what they've got!

What do *you* think of it, Tits?

Well, it's nonsense, of course, but you should make £50,000 out of it. Try the* News of the World. *By the way, Piggy, how does Mrs T fit into your theory, exactly? – TP.

Tuesday:

I finally got rid of the little Member for Lilliputt by getting him so drunk he fell asleep. Got into the house just in time to hear the emergency debate on civil liberties. The Special Branch has just raided those two ITV companies for making that programme about the new missile system.

Quite right, I think, at any other time. But now? With an election in June? Especially after all that fuss when they raided the BBC last January, remember? And that damn fool Australian case last year!

Trouble is, of course, that Maggs is unbalanced about security! Mainly because they have a classified information desk at GCHQ. You just go there and ask, by the sound of it. The place has been leaking for years and no one will let Maggie play secrets in the big league any more, so she's miffed.

I know she doesn't react all that rationally. Reason I know is because I have a friend in Special Branch and they've taken over monitoring the Russian spy camera they found in the bath at No 10, where she does much of her dictating.

She doesn't know it's there, of course. But she *acts* as though the room is bugged. Quite paranoid, my friend says. Wears a bikini in the tub!

Laugh!

Usual scene at the debate. All the Opposition going on about how the country is becoming a police state and all that (exdel) nonsense. And the Hon Minister repeating: "I refer the Hon Member to the answer I gave to my Honourable Friend the member for (exdel)". Fat lot of use! That answer was: "As this is a matter of national security I am unable to comment."

Waste of (exdel) time, really. But it amuses me to see the Opposition making like exposing British defence secrets to the Russians is some sort of Holy Crusade.

Well, it is to some of them, I suppose. The real Reds and the anti-nuclear lot do actually see themselves at war with their own elected government.

But we all know that, come a war, Kinnock and most of his lot will join up and buzz off in tanks to defend this island with the best of us.

Can't understand how he puts up with these Reds. They are just traitors, as I see it, and the law must protect the nation from such treachery by all the means it has in its power!

Wednesday:

Outrage! This country has become a totalitarian dictatorship, using the knock in the night, that symbol of all fascist police states, as a means of repression!!

Things have come to a pretty pass when a free citizen of Britain cannot go to sleep in his own home without fearing that jack-booted storm-troopers of the so-called Special Branch will haul him from his dreams of freedom and march him off into the night, plundering his home of all his most personal papers on a trumped up warrant. A warrant so general that Mr Justice Camden (Rex v John Wilkes 17-something – look it up, Tits) must be spinning in his grave.

Four o'clock in the (exdel) morning, Titsy, they knocked. I went to the door. Three big men, looking so damn scruffy they could have been MPs! One showed me his bus pass and tried to enter. So I decked him. A very sweet punch, too. Of course, the others bumped me pretty fast. And they really were Special Branch!

Threatened to do me for impeding an officer and all that. Knocked it off, though, when they examined the chap I'd hit. Still sleeping like a dormouse with his bus pass clutched in his paw!

No embarrassment, though. Just took everything they could lay hands on (luckily I'd been dictating the diary in bed and this machine had slipped down the side. They didn't find it! Inefficient bunch of clowns. I shall raise this in the House!).

Then it was off into the night. They'd already raided the Pilbeam Press and now they were going to do a flat we apparently own in Maida Vale. I didn't know I *had* a flat up there. Did you, Titsy?

Scruffy little drum it is, too. The Specials kicked the door in and a very pretty sight met our eyes. The Night Editor and two subs from the *Truth* with three naked girls. They were doing a daisy chain. You know, Tits, squirming round in a circle with their mouths at each other's bits. Nice to play, but not a spectator sport, I say!

Funny thing. One of the girls saw us coming and rolled out of the circle double quick. The poor bloody Night Editor squirmed a little too much, and ended up with a mouthful of the Stone Sub's cock!

Sent him into hysterics. Screamed around like a spitball on a stove yelling that he wasn't queer! I told him what that French bisexual told me when I accused him of being a shirt-lifter.

"I build a summer house and barbecue in my garden. Do they call me Pierre the builder? No! I cook ten dinners. Do they call me Pierre the chef? No! I run ten miles one week. Do they call me Pierre the athlete? No! But suck one cock and . . ."

That calmed him down. Of course, I sacked the lot of them. Arranging an orgy without inviting me! Besides, they shouldn't be enjoying themselves – they should be making up that story: KINKY SEX SHAME OF REVEREND SMUT!

Had to hire them again straight away, though. Because this story is going to rock the nation. I dictated the editorial. Very balanced, I felt, under the circumstances.

"No one questions the need to defend our island home from totali-

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tarian aggression. But at what price? If it is necessary to become a totalitarian police state to defend ourselves, what are we defending ourselves from? This is the problem every free country faces in its struggle to remain free. And the *Truth*, as always, stands for FREEDOM!!

"On the one hand, there is little point having the fairest system in the world if it is open to the influence and aggression of strong totalitarian powers. On the other, should we go to any lengths to protect our country, even to the extent of becoming a police state ourselves?

"To this last question we say the answer must be YES. But ONLY when the chips are down.

"AND THE CHIPS ARE NOT DOWN YET!"

And so on. Lots of reference to jackboots and stuff. Should make the Home Secretary wince. Stirring stuff. And absolutely right!

EDITOR'S NOTE: READERS WILL NOTE THAT PILBEAM IS NOT IN THE LEAST DISTRESSED ABOUT HAVING TO CHANGE HIS OPINION ON SECURITY OVERNIGHT. HE IMMEDIATELY BELIEVES IN THE TRUTH OF HIS NEW LINE MERELY BECAUSE HE HAS SAID IT. A TYPICAL MINDTRICK OF THE PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN.

Thursday:

(Exdel)! All this going on and I have to go to some damn concert tonight. (Exdel) violin concerto or something. And I hate music. It addles the reason. No logic in it. All these composers go crackers.

But I did arrange it last week. The Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Social Standards invited me. Wanted to persuade me to vote against the new pub opening hours Bill. Apparently the medical lobby is so strongly against it, his Minister wants to fix the free vote so it never makes its second reading.

Fat (exdel) chance I'll vote *that* way. I tried to cancel the concerto. But the Permanent Secretary (nice chap, really) hinted he might have something important to tell me. So I'm going.

Might as well. Nothing to do here. Been on the phone all day trying to find out who approved that warrant. Starting with Maggie. She told me she had no responsibility for Special Branch activities.

"Exdel to that," I said. "You're just paranoid. Who wears a bikini in the bath, then?"

She threw the phone through the window again!

Next call, the Home Secretary. Picked up the bloody telephone and heard a recording of Maggie crashing the sash with her cordless wonder. Bugged!

Home Secretary says he's not responsible. Refers me to the answer he gave to etc, etc. I went all down the line and no one is responsible. Apparently it's all down to a Constable Feck. I had the reporters find him. He exists. He's 89 and he hasn't been responsible for warrants for 30 years. All he's responsible for now is making six no trumps with his old mates at Sidmouth Old Crocks Home.

Someone is being economical with the truth!

Later: Funny damn article in the *Mirror*. Says that the Arts are subsidised unfairly. All the money going to London-based opera, ballet and concertos when it should be providing the said ugly noises to the workers in the country.

Silly buggers! The workers don't want this (exdel)! If they did, the *Mirror*, which knows its market, would be full of reviews of ballet and opera and stuff. Which it isn't. It's full of soaps and rock and thrillers. Which is as it should be. I'm dreading this (exdel) concerto!



The Member living up to his nickname, spoon-fed and truly creamed



"Leave my fucking friends alone, you gutter hacks! Can't a public servant get some privacy with his recreation?" (Photo by Risk Features)

Friday:

What a racket! I met Sir Norman in the bar and he did have a little go at me about the drinks business, but he didn't press it. Just a cover, I think.

Then we went in. Titsy! All these berks sitting around in monkey suits while a fellow twisted a fiddle until it made a noise like a tiger sharpening its claws on plate glass!

Norman could see I wasn't impressed.

"That's very difficult to play," he whispered after one atrocious squealing session.

"Difficult," I said. "I wish it was (exdel) impossible!" Rather good, I thought!!

EDITOR'S NOTE: A SAYING ATTRIBUTED TO DR JOHNSON. PILBEAM PROBABLY GOT IT FROM THE *READERS' DIGEST* "SAYINGS OF THE WEEK" SECTION, LIKE MOST OF HIS OTHER CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS. HE ONLY READS THRILLERS, BESIDES HIS OWN PRESS CUTTINGS.

Then he got down to business as we listened. He told me that the reason for the raid was – wait for it, Tits – because two of the words in the *Sunday Truth* crossword puzzle turn out to be the codes needed to break into GCHQ's computer banks!! As far as Secret!

"Someone in your paper," whispered Sir Norman, "is trying to subvert National Security."

I couldn't believe it. Two words! In a crossword? Why in a crossword, for (exdels) sake?!

"It's true," whispered Sir Norman.

"Clatfart!" I said.

He looked at me sharply. "And how do you know that word?" he asked. "It's the key to *Top Secret*!"

And I just laughed. Had to go to the bar for a drink or five. As I sat there, a military gentleman spoke to me out of the corner of his mouth.

"Don't say anything," he muttered. "Just take my programme when you leave."

I did. And it was fascinating. Full documentation to show that, because of some massive cock-up, the Ministry of Defence is selling its latest weapons to the IRA via Libya!

Now that *is* a secret. And it could be said to be in the public interest. It ISN'T, though, in my judgement, because it cannot be in the public interest that *I* lose my seat and we get a Labour Government. Which we will if this gets out.

Read it in the car, went straight to the paper. Set up a proof front page and took it myself to Number 10. Marked: TOP SECRET. FOR PM'S EYES ONLY. Wrote on the compliment – "For your approval, Ernest."

Saturday:

They're mind readers, those Secret Service people. Nineteen minutes after delivery, every one of our documents was back in place. Fulsome apologies uttered and issued to the Press. And our poor old crossword compiler was released.

All in return for the contents of my concert programme.

I had the compiler in. He's an old Russian Jew. Seems that he amused himself by translating Russian crosswords and trying to make them work in English. He only managed two clues, which he used in the *Truth*. But *all* words in the Russian puzzle were secret codes, he says. And it was printed in 1981!

Lots of jeering when I entered the House for the late debate last night. Our lot didn't like my editorial one bit. Red Len did, though. We had a few beers. Went for a piss with him and, Titsy, he's got the *biggest* one I've ever seen!

But my dong theory still stands, because his doesn't, I understand.

Oh yes it does, Piggy! – Titsypoohs.

LIFE WITH Linzi



LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

Ever had one of those holidays where nothing seems to go right? Well, how about this little gem? I flew more than 5000 miles to the Maldive Islands, which are right on the equator – and smack-bang in the middle of the Indian Ocean to boot – in high season, only to be greeted by a week of freak non-stop thunderstorms.

Not to mention the fact that the particular tiny island we were staying on, Baros, was due to be taken over from the Maldivians by a German travel group; consequently, the accommodation was like something out of a documentary on DHSS bed and breakfast hotels!

Photographer James Cassidy and I were even jinxed when we tried to get away from the wretched place. We finally reached the tiny airport after a horrendous boat crossing in a force nine gale and checked in to await our plane to Singapore. It was only then we were told that one of the engines of our plane had caught fire and so it would be terminating at the Maldives – which involved a spectacular landing involving the entire airport's fire crew (all of two tenders).

While we awaited the arrival of another Singapore Airlines plane (thankfully a brand new one!), we were sent off – courtesy of the airline – to another resort island. The weather was



No time for finesse when it comes to me grub, mate



"What do you mean I'm more of an attraction than the sea lions?"

still abysmal, but the French "Club Med" island of Fucha Fuschi was a delight. The French really know how to do it in style.

I thought it was too good to be true, and so it proved. In a rare moment of dry weather, we sat at the water's edge relaxing and watching the sunset. James got all excited and decided to capture the moment on film. In his haste to catch the shot, he fell over in the sea and cut the bridge of his nose open on a rock.

Luckily, Fucka Fushi (or whatever it's called) is quite upmarket and has a doctor: we probably would have had to make do with a dirty old Elastoplast back on Baros! Anyway, they managed to sort it out with some plastic stitches and got it all cleaned up nicely.

I can see the funny side of it now. In the first aid room, I was trying to help James pull off his soaking-wet jeans when the lady doctor and a nurse arrived. James never bothers with undies, and he was caught legs akimbo with his willy swinging to and fro.

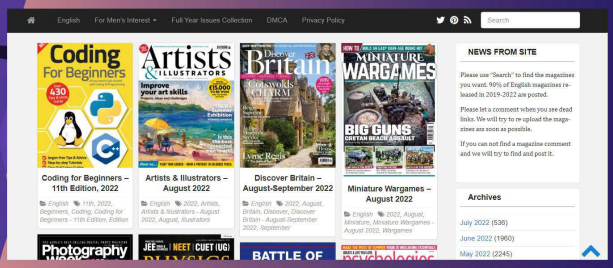
Embarrassed

And what a cock! James is definitely endowed with a whopper. Feeling slightly embarrassed and just a little queasy, I left them to it. The wound, I mean – not his willy!

Mind you, we did have one or two good moments on Baros. A couple of days after we arrived, we noticed a very attractive young couple who we surmised quite correctly to be German. She was a gorgeous petite little thing with long, blonde hair and full, perky tits. Her other half was pretty tasty, too. He had big muscley shoulders with a tiny waist, long, dark hair and a very nice touch – which I was later to have the pleasure of.

We got talking one evening in the restaurant while we were all waiting to run to the bar between thunderstorms. A good soaking and a few tots of alcohol loosened us all up a bit, and we went back with them to their beach bungalow for a little "wife"-swapping.

There was only one double bed, so we just had to make do as we stripped off our wet clothes and lay down. James could hardly wait to get his hands on Christianne's beautiful bud-like boobs, but I didn't see any of that: I was too busy concentrating as Fritz went down on me, parting my wet





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lips with his tongue and sucking ever-so gently on my clit.

We were soon a tangle of hot, naked bodies. As Fritz was just beginning to make me cream, I spotted James's thick cock begging to be sucked as he was gorging away on Christianne's juicy cunt. I took his slippery knob in my fingers and managed to cram it into my open mouth.

After a delicious sucking session, I was creaming for the second time. I released James's cock as Fritz turned me over, and, doggy-fashion, he eased his cock into my hot, twitching pussy. I kneeled up and he grabbed my tits, fingering my nipples roughly as he thrust himself deep into me.

As we fucked furiously, I watched as James spread Christianne's legs wide-open and slowly sank into her. As he began biting away on her bouncing tits, I was coming like crazy at the same time as Fritz's hot spunk exploded inside me.

Special Pics

The randy German pair left a couple of days later to visit another Maldivian island, when the seas were a little calmer. Germans won't tolerate incompetence and bad service like we Brits will. Even our hot little sex sessions weren't enough to keep them on Baros!

James and I had had enough of the place, too, so we made arrangements to leave and continue our hols in Singapore.

We made a special effort to get up at six on the morning of our departure to do some special pics for Club. As usual, it was pissing down and blowing a gale. I hope you like them, fellas, as I got very wet – in more ways than one – while doing them.

The next leg of our holiday was much nicer – I loved Singapore. It's a very modern city obsessed with cleanliness and politeness; a very pleasant change after Baros. We stayed in a luxury hotel inhabited by the rich and famous. Well, Lester Piggott was there on his hols and you can't get much richer than that!

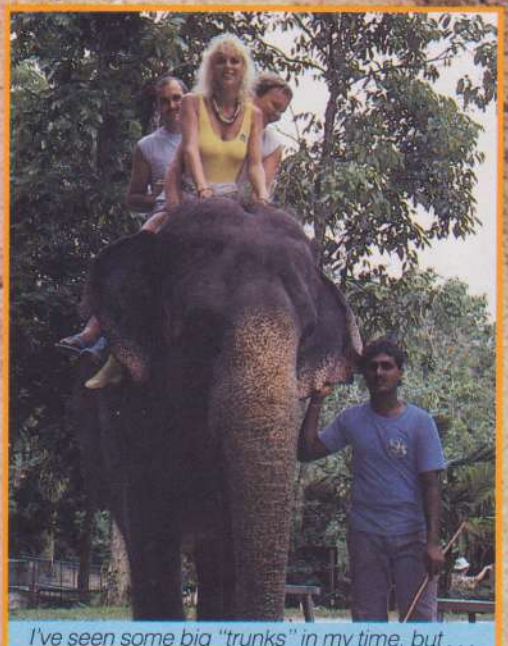
James's bashed-up nose didn't stop him from having a whale of a time running around after the sexy Singapore girls, and I had one hell of a fling with a hunky Aussie I picked up in the hotel bar.

Our hotel had some superb landscaped gardens, and I had this fantasy about being fucked by my Australian amongst the



Three of my biggest fans (think about it!)





I've seen some big "trunks" in my time, but . . .

beautiful waterfalls and flowers. Unfortunately, it wasn't to be; the Singaporeans have some odd laws about sex and nudity. I didn't fancy risking it, so we had to make do with the bed, the shower, the bath, the couch . . .

We were going to take a day trip to Malaysia – which is little more than a half-hour's journey from the centre of Singapore – but as they are a Moslem country, their laws are much more extreme. The penalty for adultery or illicit sex in Malaysia is to receive twelve strokes with the rotan. Literally translated, that's a dozen whacks with a fucking great stick! No thanks!

During our stay, we did manage to visit most of the tourist sights. The zoo was our first stop, where I cuddled a baby orang-utang and had a ride on an elephant. It certainly made a change to have my knees clamped behind hairy ears rather than having hairy ears clamped between my knees!

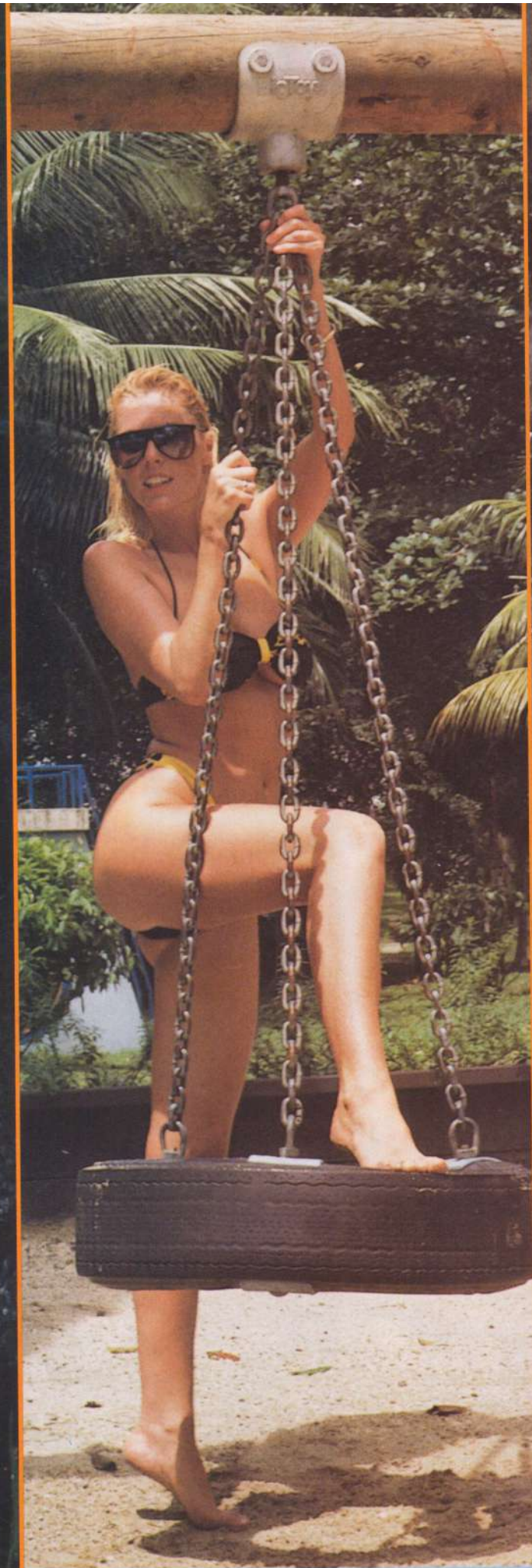
We visited Sentosa, an island just south of Singapore, which thrives on catering for all the gullible tourists; the difference there, unlike Singapore itself, is that they try to rip tourists off at every opportunity.

James and I tried to do a few more risqué shots on a deserted beach on Sentosa. Unfortunately, one guy spotted us and we couldn't get rid of him. At first, he was really getting on my tits by following us about and sitting staring at us from three feet away. In the end, though, I couldn't help but laugh because it got so bloody ridiculous. There were two stretches of deserted beach worth a few photos, and we literally had to run from one to the other with our Singaporean friend running like hell to keep up with us.

Vigorous Massage

I also tried out the hotel's fitness centre: a relax in the Jacuzzi, a sweat in the sauna, rounded off nicely by a vigorous massage. The massage girls of Singapore don't offer the sexual delights I experienced in Bangkok, but I would still highly recommend it. Strangely enough, there's something very stimulating about a tiny girl rubbing up and down your back before walking all over you!

One evening, we had the misfortune to be lumbered with a boring old Texan oil millionaire, who was too tight to



I never like to be too far away from my rubber and chains!



A bit of mooning at sunset





*Well, it **was** a working holiday!*

buy us a drink and waffled on nonsensically about his vast wealth. We couldn't wait to escape to one of the basic – but friendly and very clean – Chinese street market food centres, where we gorged ourselves silly.

Giggling

And, of course, I went on a spend, spend, spending spree in Singapore's giant shopping centres and ended up with some great bargains. To top it all, James and I enrolled in the "Mile High Club" en route home – somewhere over Bahrain, I think! It was a bit of a squeeze and I couldn't stop giggling, but we managed it in the end.

Now it's back to the grindstone in good old Blighty again. You know, no sooner am I back home working than I'm making plans for my next holiday. Well, you know how it is.

See you next month, by which time I'll be working on a film with Ken Russell – a version of a Puccini opera. Don't worry, chaps, I won't be singing, but it sounds like fun . . .

Linzi

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SKETCH CLUB



That was a diagnosis, Mr Punt – not an instruction



It's amazing how he can still get the birds to chase after him



Phew, what a day! My arm is practically falling off



Norman! I told you not to swim near the sewage outlet!



Sheree

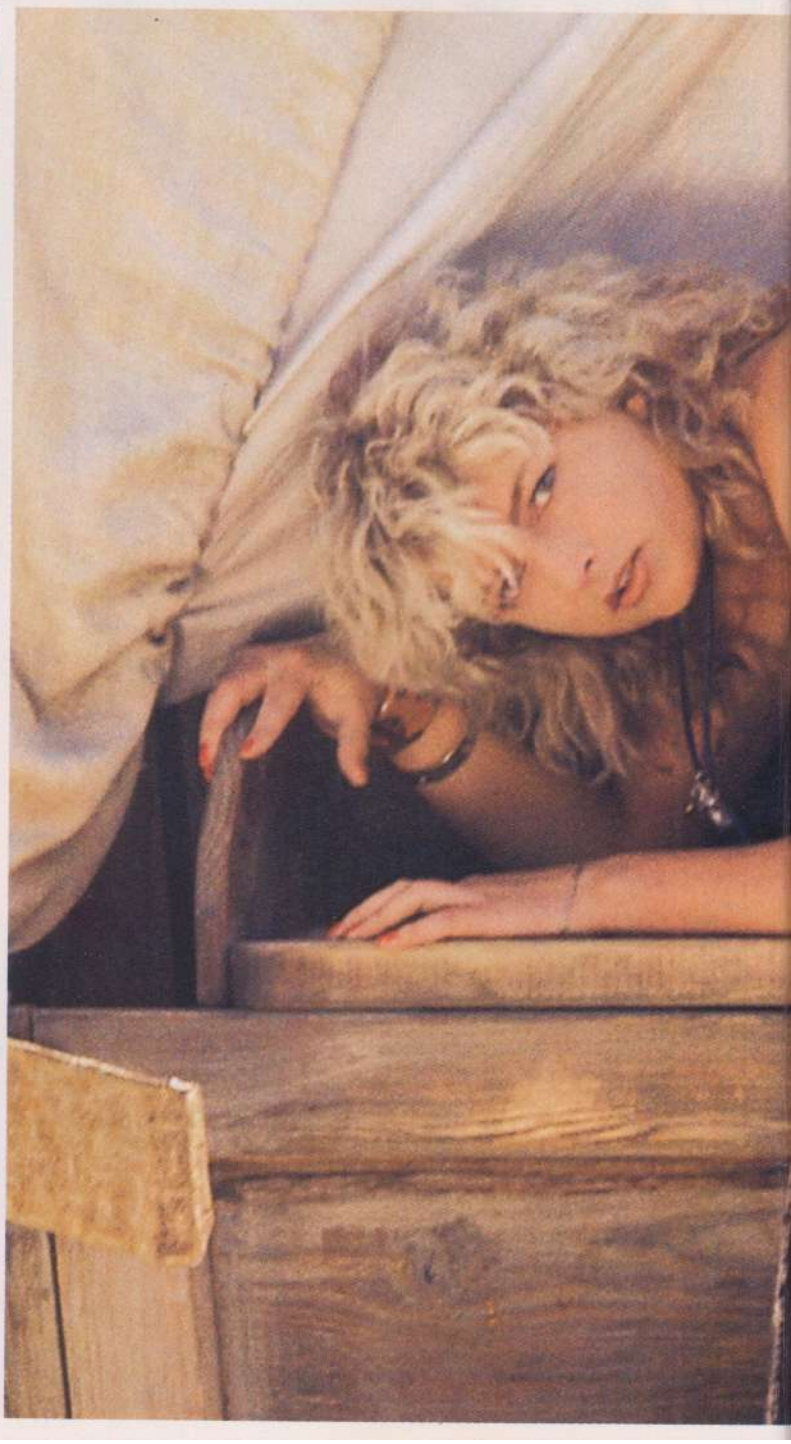
You probably think it mighty strange that the town's totally deserted while Sheree's around. After all, she's the kind of attraction that would bring folks into town from miles around. A display like this would normally have 'em letching from the livery stables, slavering into their sasparilla, squirming on their saddles and wanking into the well.

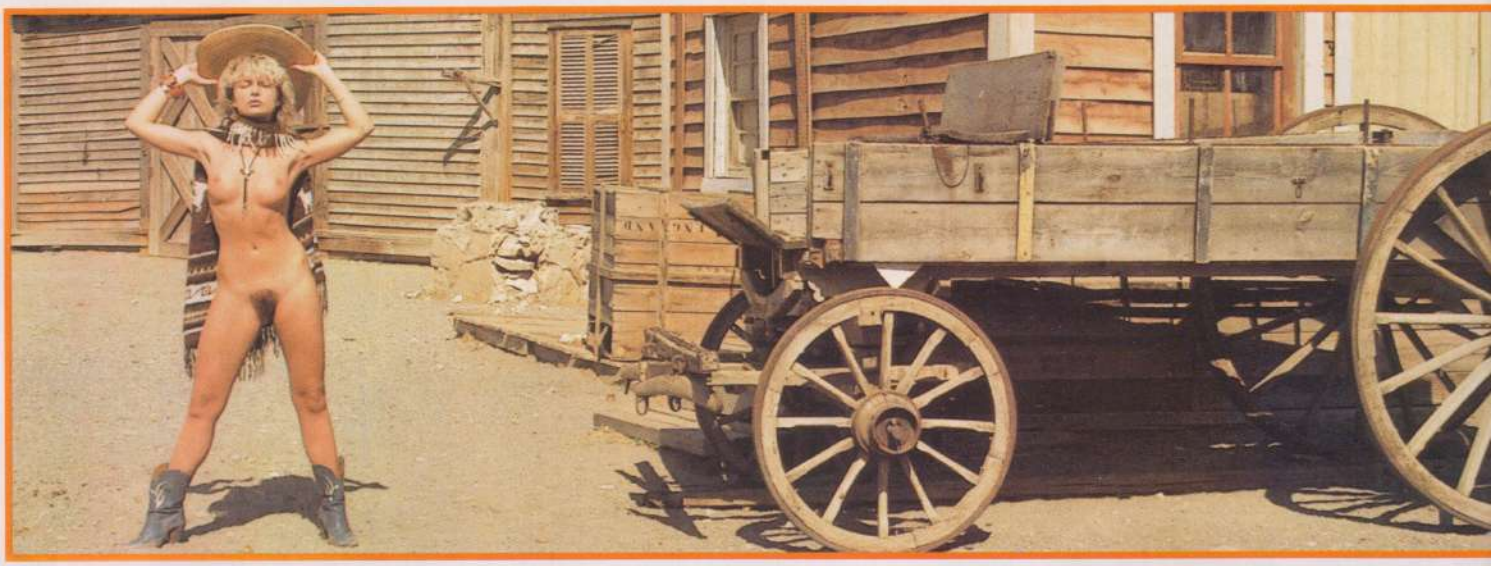
So just what the hell's goin' on around here, huh? Big rodeo down at Steerhorn Ranch? Them damn Injuns been a-raidin' again? Or were these pictures taken at four in the morning on a summer's day, when all right-thinkin' folks still have their heads down?

Well, the truth is that none of the above apply. The year is 1987, and the location is a long-disused film set for a long-forgotten B-movie you maybe slept through one Saturday afternoon way back.

We remain confident, though, that sleeping is the one thing you certainly *won't* be doing while taking in these pics of Sheree. No, siree.









Photographs by Serge Jacques



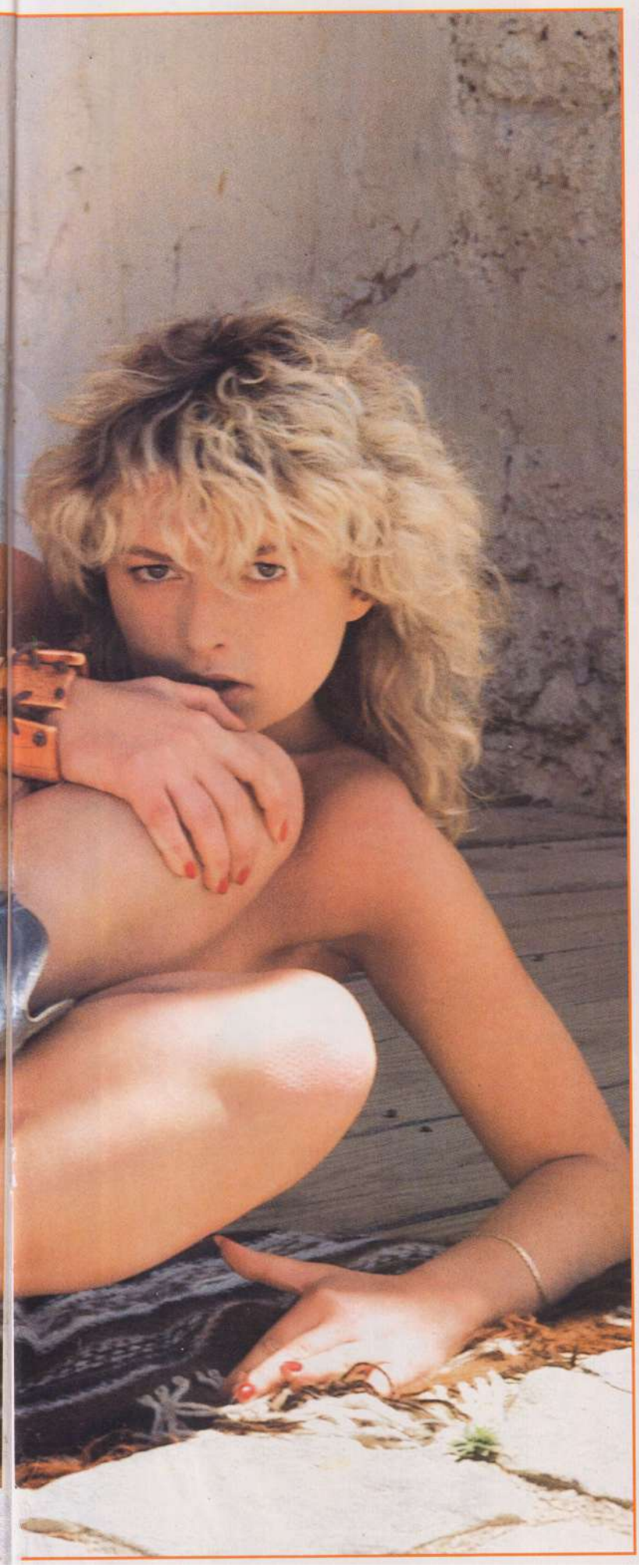














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club Event



Photographs by Charles Haydn



Here's a question for you. If you were given the opportunity, what would you do with six fully-clothed girls – play rounders? Hold a beetle drive? Watch *Neighbours*? Or get them to take their clothes *off*?

Of course, we know full well which of these options most of you would choose, but we didn't have a video of *Neighbours* handy.

And so it is that we present a full-blown striptease *Event*, where the aim was nothing more than to get the girls to get 'em off. This aim was entirely fulfilled in all six cases, as the pictures in this bumper seven-page spread prove conclusively.

It's our experience that compiling striptease photo sets are often very difficult for the photographer – and we're not talking about being unable to focus due to severe shaking, either. No, the problem is that when randy women like this lot start taking their clothes off, they don't want to stop until they're naked in all their glory.

In our case, this led to a plaintive plea from behind the lens to: "Slow down, for crying out loud – this is supposed to be a striptease, not a bloody *race*!" All credit to Haydn, then, for keeping the highly-strung strumpets in some kind of order. The final results are very titillating indeed, don't you think?

Our advice to you is to put some appropriate sounds on the hi-fi, settle back into the comfort of your favourite armchair, and enjoy a stripping spectacular the like of which the *Red Lion* or the *King's Arms* could never hope to stage.


























Carmen



Photographs by Ian Potter



Mag Download . org








club



club Portrait

Becci Thomas talks to Nickie Roberts



Nickie Roberts, whose book *The Front Line* is just published, is a Lancashire lass who, desperate to escape the oppression of the drudge and dreariness which was the lot of family and friends up north, made her way to the bright lights and gilded streets of London. This, only to find that the sparkle and glitter and good times were exclusively for those whose pockets were already well-lined.

After adventures in Europe and North Africa, she found herself, one wet day, penniless in Soho at the ever-open door of a strip club, and her eight-year career in the sex industry as a stripper began.

But the sharks of Soho eat women, don't they? The feminists harangue and pity them; "straight" women judge and misjudge them.

What is it *really* all about? You can't know until you've been there yourself, but Nickie – who has left the life, and turned to writing – has produced a book about the Soho sex scene, which is the next best thing. In it, Nickie and her friends speak with a gutsy fierceness of what it is like to be on the underbelly of the sex life of the nation.

Now married, she's changed, but is adamantly "unrepentant". I sat among the batik cushions she'd made, her faithful old poodle, Mous, nestling on my lap. She's a vegetarian, supports animal rights and wants to study aromatherapy – the art of using essential oils. But most of all, she hopes to make writing her new career after a long spell in the university of life.

You've written a very chatty book about your life in Soho. Did you feel it was like a chat with the reader?

Yes. I like to write how I speak: no sophistry, nothing false. I think it's best this way.

You left school at 15, but your parents wanted you to stay on. Were you a headstrong young thing?

Always. Always. In fact, when I was actually being born, when my head was emerging, the nurse wiped my eyes and my grandma said I looked round when only my head was showing, and she said: "This one's going to be a right cheeky little bugger!" It seems like she was right.

What motivated you as an adolescent?

It was the '60s thing, really. You look round and what you see is so fucking unpleasant, that you think there's got to be more to life than this. And that's what motivated me. Simply that. Adventure. And a better way of doing things.

What kind of relationship did you have with your parents, especially your father?

Oh, great. It was full of misunderstandings, but then most relationships with parents are. It was rocky at times, but I loved them a lot, still do, and they me. There was misunderstanding on both sides, looking back. Both of them passed

their 11-plus and couldn't go to grammar school. They had to go out to work at 14 because their families needed the wages. I think they were even more disappointed that I didn't want to carry on with an education. It was like they'd invested all their lost opportunities in me. Of course, I didn't understand that, then. I just thought, *oh God, they're sitting on top of me all the time.* I wanted to be independent.

Would it be true to say you felt exploited in other jobs you had before you went into stripping?

Oh, absolutely. Yes. Much more exploited than I ever felt as a stripper. Much more. There's no comparison. Your whole life when you're working in crummy little jobs is devoid of anything real; you're a thing; a drudge object. And it makes me mad when these anti-porn feminists go on about sex objects. They say: "Oh, you shouldn't have done that job." You say: "Okay, what should I have done, then?" And they haven't got an answer. I've tried working in a factory and I find it offensive. I find it offensive when some crummy middle-class broad comes up to me and says I should do some crummy job because she thinks what I'm doing is immoral.

Strip Club

I've got my own set of morals, anyway – and working as a stripper is pretty low down on my list of immoral things to do. What is that Bertolt Brecht thing: *Food first, then morals.*

How were you feeling on the day you made the decision to join the strip club?

I was feeling pretty wet. It was raining. I was feeling pretty desperate, because I needed money and I walked into a club and that was it.

And you had never considered doing it before?

No. It never occurred to me I would end up as a stripper. I had some sort of green country bumpkin idea that I was going to walk down to London and the streets would be paved with gold. It wasn't that I was stupid, but I was naïve and innocent and in those days, on TV, it was all swinging London and all those bright young things, but what they neglected to say was all those bright young things were really bloody well-off. So I sort of overlooked that.

So it was really lack of money that pushed you into it?

Oh, yes.

But was it also a kind of wildness in your character?

Not at that point. If you mean, did I feel there was some kind of dilemma involved in doing that sort of job, no; never for one moment was there. I didn't stop and think, *this is immoral.* I just thought, *this looks okay – the money's good, the girls are nice. I can do this.*

It was another experience? You were already quite adventurous. You'd travelled abroad.

Oh, yes. I was frightened, of course, because you are always frightened of what you don't know about.

What was it exactly you were frightened of?

The unknown. You don't know what to expect. I was bloody terrified when I walked into a BBC radio need to be frightened any more. I felt a lot safer in Soho than when I lived for a brief spell in Bethnal Green. We girls used to run round at three o'clock in the morning and it would be okay.

If men approached you, you'd just tell them to piss off. Take kerb-crawling – you don't need laws for that. If somebody is a real nuisance, there's already a law to deal with them. If some guy is pestering you, you just tell him to piss off in a really loud voice. They don't like that. They shrivel up like little cockroaches and scuttle off.

You have the confidence to do that?

It's absurd not to have that confidence because you're not alive, you're not a full human being if you're just going to cringe. I've turned and bellowed at the top of my voice: "Fuck off". I don't care what other people think, as long as it has the desired effect.

You'd say that men who do that kind of thing are really quite cowardly?

Of course they are! They are used to *women* acting the victim. I've had straight friends who've complained about that kind of thing and I say; "Well, I hope you turned and kicked him in the balls or something." But they don't. They just run away. No wonder they carry on with impunity, because they think they can get away with it. When they meet a woman like me, they'll think twice before doing it again to another woman. You've got to be strong in yourself, not so much physically. It's an inner strength, that you're not going to take all that shit.

Were your audiences always volatile and an unknown quantity, or were they just generally tacky?

They varied a lot. It's just like any audience. You can have a good crowd, or a bad one. Sometimes they were a real pain in the arse; other times they were okay. You could have a good laugh. I wouldn't knock them. The football crowds could be intimidating, but – again – you've got to have the front to not let them get away with it, to let them know you are in control, that you're the boss.

Drunken Men

I'm not saying it doesn't take it out of you, because it obviously does. It plays hell with your nerves. At the same time, it can be a real triumph as well, if you can handle them and get them on your side: a room full of drunken men all shouting and you're there, five-feet-one with no clothes on. It would be rather intimidating, wouldn't it? It's psychological as much as anything. If I felt in a good mood, I could really handle it, but other times I'd just want to run away.

Performing with no clothes on must make you very vulnerable.

Unless you've got the psychological suit of armour on. It's something that's always there as a sort of defence mechanism. I think everybody's got it, but we just don't know it, especially women – they're too used to being in that role of victim. It's just a bad habit that we see ourselves as victims.

You said in your book you were disappointed that everyone in the fore you went into it?

Well, I suppose I had about the same sort of level of ignorance as everybody else. I was surprised and disappointed at first, but this was very early on and I was very naïve. After that initial reaction, I found the girls were great and since I've got out of the stripping business, I miss their specialness, their openness, their humour. They were different, but not as a species apart, or as glamour pusses. They were strong-minded and very honest – not fucked up. I think most straight women are really fucked up, I honestly do.

Quite a few women in the sex industry seem to have fantasies of maybe being rich one day, or getting to be a star. Did you not get into that scene at all?

No, I think you very quickly get out of that. There's nothing wrong with fantasizing about being rich. Actually I fantasize about it now.

Doesn't it happen with prostitutes?

I disagree with that. The prostitutes I've met, that I know really well, are usually that much more desperate; they're usually women with kids, one-parent families who are very poor. Prostitution is a very last-ditch attempt to give themselves and their kids a really decent life money-wise. I'm not saying there aren't upper-class prostitutes – there are, but I don't concern myself with them because they're where they are through their own connections. It's a very privileged minority. I'm not saying they haven't got their own problems, but my world is taken up with the grass roots level. I think most of the prostitutes I've known would say that, whilst it's not the best career in the world, they wouldn't knock it for the money they're earning.

People imagine that girls in the sex industry would be hard and bitchy, but you didn't find that?

You've got to make a distinction between that so-called hardness – which is a psychological strategy on stage where you've *got* to present yourself as being strong and no popsy, no pushover – and the way you are as a real person. Actors in the straight theatre aren't the characters they portray and it's the same with us.

Do you think the girls felt pushed into a corner and that's why there was the camaraderie?

Yes, but you could say that about working in a chicken factory. I think it's because you are part of society and you're not. You are a separate class in a way, because of straight people's guilt trips which they project on to us. I think that brings you closer. I'm not saying it's all rosy bliss – you have arguments and scraps. But, to me, the people I've worked with are more real. We were not wonderful people, but you could really depend on each other – which I've found, to my disappointment, doesn't apply outside.

So it really is a complete world apart?

It is and it isn't. We are in the know in a lot of ways in which straight women aren't. Out in the straight world, I can be enjoying the company of a few women and part of me thinks, *you're just like children in some respects.* We know a lot more – not just about men, but

the male prostitute in your book. I can't imagine that would be a very wonderful lifestyle, but he seems to project it as if it's enjoyable and he's justifying it.

I don't think he's justifying it. He's very straightforward – he's one of the nicest people I've ever met. He's one of the most fun people. He's the sort of person a lot of straight men could learn from and I don't mean just sex. What he says about people behaving how they think they *should* be is absolutely right.

Companionship

He's easy-going, very trustworthy. I've known him for a long time because we used to work together as strippers about 13 years ago. He's one of those people who's like sunshine in your life. You can't help but have a good time with him. I think, *God, if that's an example of one messed-up guy, let me have them any time compared to the straight ones.* He could teach people a lot.

Is it true to say that the men in the industry are very close to the girls in the industry?

Some are, some aren't. Obviously there isn't the same degree of closeness as there is between strippers, because most of the men who work in the sex industry are stage managers and so on. They're accepted, but when it comes down to it, they're not one of the girls.

I met a guy who used to be a male stripper the other day – he was really lively, great. It's almost a family thing – you can be complete strangers, but because you've worked in that business, all the usual social rituals are transcended.

I can't get to the bottom of what it is that makes it like that.

I suppose you have to work in it to really understand it. In my book, everyone says that what was best about it was the companionship amongst the girls. I feel quite lonely now in some ways. I don't miss the bloody hours, but I miss the friendship.

Would I be right in thinking that probably applies only to Soho?

No. Cloe, the prostitute in my book and another girl who works up north, both say the same thing, that the prostitutes working on the street co-operate with each other. You are so ostracised in a lot of ways, you've got everybody ranged against you. So you've got to co-operate, really.

Apart from that, what was the fun in the job?

We used to have a laugh at Christmas time. We used to go round the pubs in our costumes, and that was good for a laugh. One of the favourite numbers was two nuns – the men love the nuns – the lesbian nuns fantasy. One black girl who was really pretty had a nun's costume and she went around the corner to this snack bar in Charing Cross Road, which is very busy and is used by a lot of straight people. You'd have thought she really was a nun from the back, except that she had these silver dancing shoes on.

She was standing there in the queue and she said: "Come on then, fucking get a move on, I haven't got all bastard day!" It was priceless to see the faces of all the people – it's Italian-run and there was this nun standing there with a

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the first day we did it, I'd flung my costume down on my chair in the dressing room. I was just putting my nose on and I sat on the antlers with no clothes on – I've got the scars to this day. We did get a lot of laughs.

When we did a pantomime at the Doll's House, I was Cinderella and my friend Annie Arsehole was the wicked fairy. There was this right miserable sod sitting in the front row. I was sitting on reception a bit later and Annie's number was going on, then I saw this bugger creeping up with his nose down to the ground and he said to the doorman: "That wicked fairy, she said if I didn't cheer up, she'd turn me into a frog. Are they allowed to do that?"

Peep Show

There were lots and lots of laughs. That's why I get annoyed about people saying we're poor, stupid victims. It's not like that. There were more good laughs there than anywhere else outside.

It's also interesting to see the dislike of the customers that comes through.

You'd get that anyway, anywhere. My mum and dad were running a shop in Great Yarmouth and by the time they retired last year, they hated the human race. I think you get fed up in any job to do with the public.

It must have been draining, because there were men feeding off you the whole time.

It was draining, but I think it was because of the hours. To sustain those 72-hour weeks was just too much. When I went back and did a peep show which was just six hours at a time, I could handle that and I didn't hate the punters at all. When I was doing 12 hours – and it was compulsory that you did 12 hours, otherwise you were out of a job – I was just literally shattered. I got to the stage where I was chasing a man down Old Compton Street shouting: "Fuck off, fuck off!" and all he'd done was bring me a bunch of flowers! Now there's no call for that. The only reason for that was because I was at the end of my tether.

Poor bloke. How did he react?

Poor man. I've still got the card somewhere. It says: "I really like you and I appreciate you on stage" He gave the flowers to another girl to give to me in the dressing room. He was that determined. He was a nice bloke. I felt really rotten after. But he came back the next week and I said: "Look, I'm sorry about last week, I was just in a real bad mood." He just said: "All right. All right."

Attention

There was another one who came to The Carnival (another club) every Saturday afternoon and he'd stand at the side waiting for a front row seat – that's what they did because it was so busy – and as soon as I saw him I used to go: "Come here you, you bastard," and I'd pretend to hit him, just joking, and he loved the attention. It was a good laugh and the more rude I was the more he enjoyed it. He always gave me £20 or a tenner. Just for that sort of attention. He was well-pleased and so was I.

Do you think some of those men were victims of themselves?

They were doing what they wanted to do.

everyday lives.

Well, we are all victims of society's attitude towards sex, because of the repressive Whitehouse crap that breeds furtiveness about it, whereas it could be all open. I would like to see erotic theatre. And I'd make a brilliant manager of it, as well: "Madame Nickie". Like the music hall was. Something bawdy and saucy, with comedy.

Eroticism can be funny as well. The audience laughs and cheers and it's a very healthy thing – it helps get rid of all these things which we've been talking about. The silly bloody Whitehouse brigade. They're the worst of the lot. They make me puke. They're evil.

Because they are repressing people?

Yes. Because if you repress something, it's bound to come out in really ugly and distorted forms. And I know there's something cynical about Mary, because I was on television with her a few months ago and she's just like an old pro, my dear. She must be making a fortune out of going around appearing on TV. I won't say anything personal about her, really, except that I think she's a pain in the arse.

It is fascinating to hear about the kind of customers who turned up. You describe some you maybe wouldn't expect to be there, like the Harley Street gynaecologist, the judge. Were they for real?

Of course, why should I invent them – Home Office, you name it.

Were they paranoid about being found out?

No, not at all. That's what got me because I used to wonder about that. You'd think they'd be a bit more wary, but they're not. They couldn't care a shit, really. They'd chat to us. There were a lot of them. I'm not judging them for doing it. What I get annoyed about is the hypocrisy of straight society which regards all punters as a sub-species – they're the little wankers and all that. Okay, that contingent exists, but the majority are just ordinary men from a cross-section of society. But why not own up to it?

Isn't that the scapegoat syndrome – the projection of people's guilt?

It comes back to that repressive Victorian mentality. They were only a couple of generations back, so it's going to take a lot to shake off their influence. It delights me when I see something like the Jeffrey Archer story – not because I feel vindictive to them personally, but because it's par for the course.

Strippers want to be seen as completely apart from prostitutes, but some people outside tend to lump you all in together. Is it desperation that causes girls to go over that line?

More so nowadays because of unemployment. Women are absolutely forced into it by economic necessity. It's horrible, because there's no choice involved.

What did you feel when you saw your own friends go over that line?

I felt really pissed off. I felt angry. What gets me is that they are forced into it in the first place as a means of living reasonably well. I stayed recently with a friend who is working as a prostitute up north. She's got a beautiful little flat. She's bringing up her daughter beautifully. Her

some people are prepared to put up with that, that's their business. She's not.

There shouldn't be any laws about prostitution. It really annoys me that women are imprisoned like they are now, for no other reason than that they want to fight being poor.

Then you've also got the situation that Chloe talks about in the book. Her friend was actually in court in front of a judge who was her client, and she said he never gave her a stiff sentence like he did with the others. She said: "If he did, I would've shouted it out there and then in court." Now that's immoral. It's sickening.

What do you think it does to girls?

I don't think my friends have changed. Obviously they're more aware. That doesn't mean to say you can just sail through it without getting stressed. But when it comes to either that or working in a stinking factory – what do you think that does to people over 20 or 30 years? It's no coincidence that all the girls I know who are in their 30s now all look a damn sight better than some of the women up north who are ten years younger than us – just ordinary, married, working-class women. The pressures are there, whatever you turn to as a working-class woman.

Freedom

Some of my prostitute friends have said to me: "At least we can pick and choose what we want to do. We've got control over our lives." When you've got money, you've got freedom and control over your own life. I'm learning that now, since I've left stripping, because I haven't had the money.

People seem to think that when you're a prostitute you're just screwing men all the time. But they don't. They might work two days a week, or work one day and not again for another month. They're not machines. They're people.

Obviously you feel very strongly about all of this. Is there any bitterness?

When my husband met me he said I was the most bitter person he'd ever met. But then when he'd known me a bit, he said he didn't half see why. But the bitterness came from powerlessness – not having the education, the awareness of where you stand in the world and what you can do to get your own perspective on things. Well, I've got that now, so I don't feel as bitter now. I just feel angry.

I'd feel a lot happier if I'd got the money coming in that I used to have before. I hope that will happen.

You said you are unrepentant. But do you feel you've escaped?

No. I feel I've escaped from ignorance and Soho has been a part of that escape. It's been a part of my education. So I can't knock it. I can't knock it for the money. I can't knock it for the friendship. And I can't knock it ultimately for the real education it's given me because I met a lot of the so-called intelligentsia when my husband was doing his MA. To me, they were like babes in arms in a lot of respects, even the older ones. It's made me a stronger person.

So I'm unrepentant. I don't see it as an escape. I see my whole life as a sort of escape from horrible prospects when I first started out as a teenager in factories and things like that. And I'm bloody glad I've escaped that, and I've met some fantastic people stripping. I really have. And I've got friends to this day from it. So it's given me a lot.

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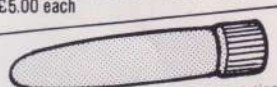
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Claire

Photographs by Ian Potter





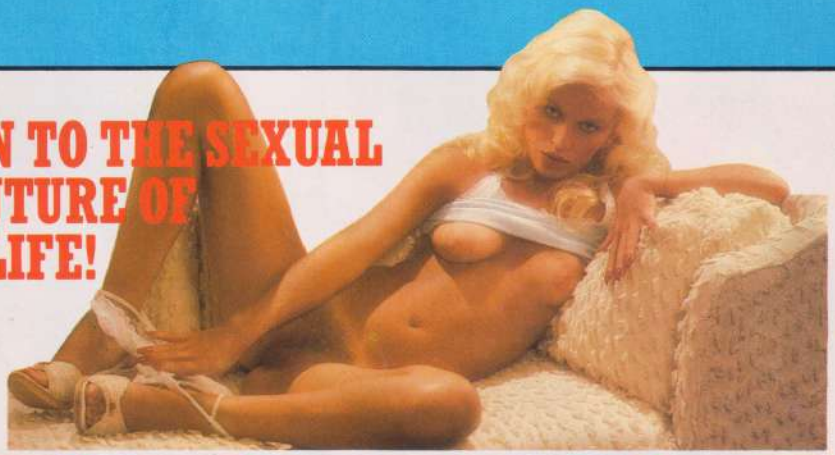








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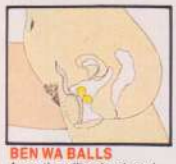
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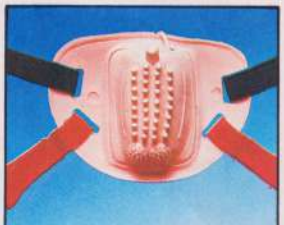
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WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Winter for Gill always meant being bored in the boarding house, but the arrival of a handsome guest soon put an end to that . . .

I work in one of those boarding houses on the south coast along from Brighton. I'm supposed to be a receptionist there, but the owners are away for a lot of the time, so I kind of run things myself. In the summer everything's fine; I'm kept busy and, although it's exhausting sometimes, I also have a lot of fun. But come November, the place gets like a morgue. Through the winter months what I usually do is work until six – doing accounts, making preparations for the following summer, etc – then go up to my room to read or watch TV. And towards the end of these winter months I find myself going crazy for company.

But occasionally something does happen to liven things up a bit – and when it does, then I take full advantage.

The last time it happened was in late January. It was a very cold day and the building was empty. At 5.30 I was looking forward to another boring night. Then, just as I was getting ready to close up, a man came through the front door and asked me if I had a room spare. I knew, as soon as I saw him, that he wouldn't be going anywhere else that night, so long as his personality – and other things – were okay.

He was well wrapped-up in a scarf and overcoat, but his nose was bright red with the cold. I decided I was going to mother him, just to get him in the right frame of mind for what I had planned for later. Before he knew it he was settled into my best room, with me hanging up his coat and running a hot bath for him. I exchanged small talk with him and decided he was just the man for me. So while he was in the bath I went up to my room and changed into my stockings and suspenders, over which I slipped a loose cotton dress. Checking in the mirror, I noted with satisfaction how it clung to the shape of my braless tits. The man was in for a treat, I told myself as I added a touch of perfume.

I'd put him in the room down the corridor from me. So I left my door open and lay on my bed with my book. But I don't think I read a word as my mind raced with sexy thoughts . . .

Half an hour later, he was out of the bath. I heard him pottering about for a while, then I jumped as I heard a knock on my door. I think he was about to ask me something, but when he saw me stretched out on the bed he must have forgotten completely. He was wearing just a towel – because I'd "accidentally" brought his clothes into my own room. And I'm glad to say the towel didn't hide much.

Sexual Release

The next thing I knew, the towel and my book were on the floor and Derek was naked on the bed beside me, lifting my dress to run his hands over my quivering tits. I'm proud of my tits. They're a good size – 36B – and even though I'm in my early 30s, they're still firm and I reckon many a teenager would be a little envious of their silky-skinned fullness. My nipples were aching as he began to suck each one in turn and it was all I could do to stop myself crying aloud in pleasure and the sheer sexual release after those frustrating months without a man.

His prick was gorgeous. As I closed my fingers around it, I rolled him on to his back and began to tease it with my tongue, pulling back the foreskin and licking its pink knob-end, savouring the salty, sexy taste. My mouth was as wet as my cunt was, and I tried to use it in the same way, as a foretaste of the delights he'd find between my thighs later on.

Just now, though, it was all mouth – his eagerly on my pussy and mine on his stiff prick. His tongue slid up and down between by labia, easing them apart and circling my tingling clitoris. It seemed like his tongue was as big as his prick as it reached right up inside me.

I could tell he was about to come as his back arched up from the bed thrusting his slippery prick deeper into my mouth. I helped him by cupping his buttocks in my hands and slipping my lips as far down the shaft as I could go, feeling his wiry pubic hair tickling my nose as I inhaled its sweaty fragrance. I had him in a vice and as he came with a low moan his spunk had nowhere else to go but down my throat. I swallowed it all gratefully, pulling him hard into me in an effort to milk every last drop of the creamy liquid.

He soon began to work on me with his fingers, two at a time and with his thumb on my clitoris. His other arm was over my arse, which made it impossible for me to move any other way than down. I was moaning with excitement and he guessed that I was ready for him.

So, after wanking him a bit to get his lovely prick hard again, I turned round and lowered my aching cunt on to him. Staying still for a moment, I enjoyed the gorgeous feeling of his prick right up inside me.

Three months is a long time to be without sex, so I had a lot to make up for. This first fuck wasn't all it might have been. I was so excited as I slid up and down, his hands fondling my swinging tits, I was getting him too excited too soon. And after only a couple of minutes he'd come again. It was fabulous for me – though over much too soon – but I thought I might have disappointed him.

I apologized to him for being so clumsy, explaining that I'd been without it for so long. But he was great . . . he just said that the best thing to do was to start all over again from the beginning. I asked him exactly what he meant, and he said that we should go over it completely, with me at the reception desk and him at the door.

We got dressed again, in different rooms so I could surprise him by wearing a different outfit. It was a tight-fitting black dress this time, with a slit up to my hip which showed off my black suspenders and my lack of knickers. I tied my hair up in a bun, so I looked a bit severe.

I was soon back behind my reception desk, a place I usually hated during winter – but this time I couldn't think of anywhere better. I'd also put on a bra, so he'd have to work at my tits this time round.

When he entered the reception I saw that my new outfit was almost too successful. I could tell he was bursting to get round my side of the desk – but I was having none of that. The game was his idea and I was going to make sure he stuck to the rules. I made him sign the book and told him I'd show him up to his room. I led the way up the stairs like a proper receptionist, but halfway up I felt his hand slip up my dress. I was aching for it and would have laid down and done it on the spot – but I slapped his hand away and told him I didn't run that kind of establishment and if he thought that, he could go elsewhere!



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WOMEN'S Writes

Once again I thought I'd gone too far. I even thought he looked a bit embarrassed and unsure. But when he saw the re-made bed with the sheet pulled back there was just no stopping him. I tried to carry on being severe and prim, but all I wanted was to feel his prick inside me again. This time I made no mistakes and, despite my excitement, he managed to give me a thoroughly satisfying screw, sometimes teasing by sliding in and out slowly, sometimes thrusting aggressively. I came four times before he finally spurted another load of his spunk up inside me.

Now Derek is a regular visitor to the boarding house, an arrangement which suits us both just fine. The owners can't understand why I've stopped complaining about the winter boredom. Maybe they think I've got very engrossed in my library books! *Gill, Sussex*

In an effort to turn on the sexy cellar man in her parents' pub, Claire decides to do a bit of stripping after hours. And it has the desired effect . . .

I am writing this, encouraged by my present sex partner, Dennis, who happens to be my mum and dad's live-in cellar man at the pub they run together, and who keeps a large stack of your magazines under his bed. Whenever my parents go away for holidays or weekends, I look after things for them. Like a lot of people in the trade, my dad won't leave hired staff in sole charge of the place because if anything happens he could lose his licence. I'm at college at the moment, so it's no bother.

Three lunchtimes a week, the pub has strippers on the small stage where the piano is kept. It's not a disco-type pub, but strippers are very popular, and they pack the place out. After the first week of my stint, I had seen three girls and I didn't reckon they were up to much. But the blokes in the bar didn't seem to care as long as they spread their legs and had everything off after two minutes.

On Friday lunchtime, I noticed that Dennis was taking a more than usual interest in the performance. The girl just jigged about in a camisole for a few minutes, then spent the rest of the time fondling her tits. I told Dennis it was money for old rope and wouldn't turn on anyone who was the least bit fussy as to what was on his plate. I told him I could do much better, and that if I did strip I'd put a bit of sexuality into it, make it steaming. He just laughed and ignored what I said, which clinched it for me.

Uniform

Now, I'm small – around five feet three – and I don't have a great deal in the way of tits. I've got what men call a "girlish shape", so I hunted through some old clothes of mine, found an old tan shirt with a (more or less) matching skirt, a pair of white cotton briefs, white ankle socks and a pair of old sandals. I sewed an old army badge of my dad's on to the shirt to make it look like a uniform.

I had one other task to perform if I was going to make myself look younger than I was. So I locked myself in the bathroom and squatted down in front of the mirror with a tube of depilatory cream. I trimmed back the pubes with nail scissors and lightly combed it away from my cunt lips. After a few minutes, I wiped away both cream and hair to leave a shiny pink mound. It felt really tingly, and that night I fingered myself off repeatedly before I could get to sleep.

On Saturday, I was more than prompt in chasing out the regulars at drinking-up time. When I had the bolts on the doors, I told Dennis to stop clearing the tables, and I plonked a bar stool down right in front of the small stage. Then I dodged behind the curtain to slip into my gear, sweating and trembling all the while. The other props I'd collected were an old



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WOMEN'S Writes

biology textbook, a few slices of Black Forest gateau, a can of spray cream, plus some vodka and orange in a Lucozade bottle to steady my nerves.

Dressed in the outfit and with all my stuff on a tray, I minced out on to the stage, taking little steps and rubbing the tops of my thighs together. I put the tray on the piano and sat on a stool centre stage, directly opposite Dennis. I didn't bother with music for this bit, just showed off my legs, crossing and uncrossing them while I frowned at the biology textbook. With a puzzled look on my face, I opened my legs wide, displaying the crotch of my panties. I pulled the elastic of the briefs outwards, so I could examine my cunt without giving Dennis too early a glimpse of it.

Pelvic Thrusts

I looked from my cunt to the book and then back at my cunt again, all the while keeping this expression of bewilderment on my face. Throwing the book away finally with impatience, I skipped to the tape deck and began a sort of pop-style dance to *Baby Love* by the Supremes. Holding up my skirt, I pulled the briefs up hard against my groin and made rhythmical pelvic thrusts against the fabric, which is how I learned to wank in the first place.

I moved about the stage making these thrusts that brought my clit hard up against the cotton. Standing next to the tray of goodies I'd prepared, I dug my finger into the gateau and sucked the cake's cream and jam off my index finger. Glistening with saliva, I stuck it inside my pants, which were already wet. I kept fingering myself while picking at the gateau with my other hand, making sure I got plenty of cream and jam over my chin, allowing a couple of blobs to drop into the V of my shirt where the buttons were undone.

All this time, my skirt was hitched up quite a way so that Dennis could clearly see my hand working away inside my pants, although he had no solid view of my cunt, as such. His face was an absolute mask, but I knew he was hard already. This really turned me on as he'd seen no more of my body so far than he would at a beach, for instance. Probably less.

I wasn't near to coming but I was very excited, and could have lost the thread of my act if I had continued like this. Letting my skirt hang naturally, I used both hands to lower my knickers slightly. Still undulating my groin, I took an untouched slice of gateau and laid it in the crotch of my panties. Doing the earlier trick in reverse, I raised the skirt and pants simultaneously. Again without having given Dennis a chance to see my crack, I managed with one last jerk to press the creamy goo into my cunt. Bits of cake-filling squelched out from the elastic and down my legs. I massaged what was left of the stuff into my cunt from outside the panties, and those bits that had slipped out, I rubbed into my thighs.

Now I began the striptease proper. I slipped out of the skirt and shirt with my back to my "audience". I took the can of spray cream and, holding it behind my back, sprayed a good quantity of it down into the crack between my bum cheeks. Then I squirted two huge blobs over my breasts, followed by lines of cream that looked like bra-straps running up to my shoulders.

I faced Dennis at this point (who was a study in lust), spraying even more cream over my pussy as I pushed down my soggy pants. It must have looked as if I was wearing a cream bikini, even though I was nude apart from socks and sandals. So I started to strip again, rubbing the cream into my skin until it was just a sticky sheen. Pretending that the cups of my bikini were in danger of falling, I cupped my hands over the creamy mounds and smeared them until my tits were revealed through the stickiness.

Then I worked below, rubbing the sides of the cream bikini bottom into my hips, and lying back spreadeagled on the stage, knees wide apart. I started to rub away at myself for all I was worth. My index finger found my clit, because the act as such was over. I was really desperate to bring myself off. Dennis had other ideas, though. I didn't see him coming up to me, because my eyes were closed. But suddenly I felt his tongue below my finger, working its way right inside my cunt.

When I was on the point of a wonderful orgasm, he withdrew and put his hard cock up instead. Such an abundance of cream in that region made us both slippery, and his rod shafting me like that made fabulous sucking noises for each stroke. It wasn't a long fuck, mainly because we were both far too excited to prolong things. I just felt myself exploding inside, as Dennis groaned, flooding me with spunk to add to what was already up there!

As I said at the beginning, Dennis and I fuck regularly now, even though my mum and dad have returned from holiday. I realize they couldn't have an act like mine going on during open hours, but I still say that what I do beats the strippers hollow. Dennis agrees with me.

Claire, Manchester ♣





Crystal











BED, BOOK AND

You've got to feel sorry for JIMMY DOYLE, what with a pile of work to get through and MAISIE playing awkward buggers again. But just like Sylvester Stallone – whose latest reptile is reviewed here – our Jimbo always wins through in the end. See for yourself . . .

There are a few rules attached to this low-lit house of learning I inhabit; not many, but enough to keep it broadly in touch with civilization – the type that has sweet grapes in a bunch for breakfast and an olive-oil massage before the lights go out. I live alone for this reason. The fact is, I can take the good with either the bad or the ugly for so long before the sirens go off, and me and my bed partner have to run for cover.

The long and the short of it is that Maisie has stuck around for another month (making it almost *three*), spending most of it indoors in a cutaway swimsuit, chewing Twiglets and solving tabloid backgammon problems. Curiously, that bubbly sex drive of hers has been barely functional, like maybe she's got the secret formula for Coca-Cola stashed away inside one of her merry orifices. Meanwhile, there's mild silk underwear panic over the carpets, and total cosmetic debris in my bathroom (the first place that always signals a take-over, a conquest of space). Is this the Joy Of Sex? I ask myself. While the question percolates a little dangerously, I have a very simple remedy. I bury my face in a book or, in this instance, several.



Kim Basinger well on the way to in-depth self-discovery in ***9½ Weeks***

Some intelligent publisher recently had the notion to put all of **The Claudine Novels** into one thick volume, so you can observe the girl's emotional progress from school to Paris, through marriage and her final piquant friendship with Annie, of whom she remarks that "when she raises her eyelids, it's as if she were taking off all her clothes." These are the earliest writings of Colette, squeezed out by the pompous, domineering Monsieur Willy, her first husband, who ordered her to jot down some hot pubescent memoirs and not to be afraid of inserting the racy details. He also locked her in a room until she did so.

"What's that you're reading?" asked Maisie, looking up briefly from a glossy travel brochure. Her mouth was the colour of liquorice.

"It wouldn't interest you," I said. "The heroine is a rather quick-witted bisexual with coffee-brown eyes. She's sick with desire for her girlfriends and into some heavy sensual bullying. Want to risk it?"

She didn't. Maisie's sapphophobia is something we've encountered even on happier erotic hunting grounds. Personal prejudice aside, this long and intense tale of an over-petted daughter needing lots of sex with affection behind the cold, cruel streak she adopts as a public mask, is a rich confection. Following Marie Antoinette's advice, she would have you eating cake. Cake is one thing, though, and Colette never forgets the icing.

Elegant Smoker

Colette also features briefly inside the pages of **Holy Smoke**, a playful yet deeply-researched history of the tobacco leaf from the year 1492 when Columbus, in search of El Dorado, stumbled upon the "land of the chimney-men". An elegant smoker herself, Colette could find little difference between lighting up and obtaining satisfaction from the sexual act. Technically speaking, a good cigar should last longer. However, beautiful negresses do not roll them on their thighs. This is myth-making. You have the author's word for that; a shrewd man who gladly pays for his enjoyment through the nostrils and turns prose into a well-waxed dancefloor.

New Odours

Still alone in the bed, I picked up **Lilith**, a late Victorian excursion into fantastical regions, and one of three forgotten minor classics of that era published by Allison and Busby, in which science is persuaded to meet the macabre. Jewish legend has it that Lilith was a female night-monster, meaning "screech owl", apparently Adam's wife before Eve, and doomed to darkness and destructive sex. In this saga, an Oxford graduate walks through a library door into a spiritual maze, insulted by crows, seduced by demons. Pre-Raphaelites such as Macdonald often raised the dead in order to sleep with them. That way, terror became delicious. Nevertheless, a man of the world is too small here. To love this, you need to be a man of the universe.

Rumour has it that Edith Sitwell took one look at **The Naked Lunch**, William Burroughs' "word to the wise guy", and said she preferred Chanel No. 5. Maisie, always intrigued by new odours, decided to sit in with me on this one. His writing upsets people. "Grey porridge," snarled one critic. Another pronounced it "pure verbal masturbation." Kerouac kindly donated the title, that "frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every fork." Few books have the power to draw you in like this, against your will, to sample a surreal lust programme which seems to place ejaculation on a par with death, and reduces humans to the size of black ants carrying cubes of sugar.

"How come you like this so much?" said Maisie, incredulous.

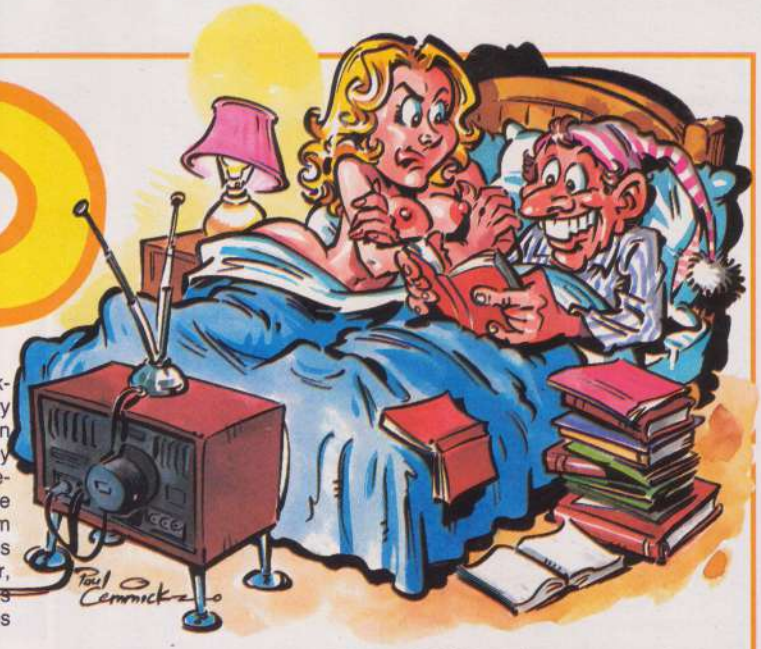
"I don't. You're not supposed to *like* it."

"What else can you do with it – eat it because it says *lunch*?"

From his knowledge of chemicals, Burroughs works in a nasty message that applies to every kind of addict: "Invade, damage, occupy." Once inside, there's little you can do about it. The human body is only *soft* machine, after all.

Against her better judgement, Maisie stayed on top of the bedclothes for Nabokov's **The Enchan-**

VIDEO



ter, this pre-*Lolita* novella which is really his rehearsal for a dark night of the cock, or what part a pair of testicles will play in the extinction of one life, if not two. The same scenario exists here, a moral horror story starring a male pervert, a motherly woman and her daughter. "I am a pickpocket," declares the narrator, "not a burglar." All the same, the beast does leap from the wardrobe once, before Nabokov can bring down the safety curtain.

"This is creepy," said Maisie, "seriously creepy. Look at my arms."

I looked. Geese were certainly marching in strength there, alarm bells of the flesh. I had them, too.

In the interests of a complete change of mood, I produced **Industrial Light & Magic**, but not from any hat. This is a gigantic tome that would definitely break your toes if you dropped it on them. If you've never had magic explained to you, here is where you get yourself a head start. The title is also the name of the company which creates all the special effects for films that have cleaned up at the box office during the last ten years – The Imperial Death Star, laser-sword fights, ET's sky bicycle ride, the Lost Ark's revelations to its raiders, etc. The text is precise, the illustrations are immaculate. Maisie turned over the pages as if she were handling high-denomination bank notes, which they practically are at this price.

Mark Baker, who amassed the personal recollections of Vietnam veterans in **Nam**, has repeated the technique with similar, astonishing results in **Cops**. He interviewed over a hundred policemen of various ranks, guaranteed anonymity and trusted his instincts as to what he was then told in confidence. Baker has really gone undercover on this one. The humour gets going when his subjects relax into anecdotes. One was attacked by a woman who ripped open her blouse, squirting him with milk from two gargantuan tits. Another worked the massage parlours in the hope of a bust, but came to the conclusion that it was absurd to arrest anyone until after his own erection had cooled. There's hilarity, pathos and violence here. Believe me, it works.

Maisie's attention span increased dramatically once I slid a little softcore into the video machine. According to Kim Basinger (who plays Elizabeth), a hopeless passion lasts for a total of **9½ Weeks**. She's the vulnerable blonde working in a fashionable art gallery whose lyrical boredom comes to an abrupt halt once she allows Mickey Rourke, as John, a high-risk freelance broker, into her sex life. He blindfolds her, brings her to orgasm with ice cubes, feeds her, bathes her, dresses and undresses her, and punishes her when she's naughty. As a result, she giggles and cries a lot.

Basically, **9½ Weeks** comes across like a soundtrack movie, erotic set pieces underlined by music which just happen to concern the same two people. The film flirts with the idea of a lethal sex arrangement, slowly drifting out of control on account of his strange tactics and her wavering obedience. Maisie liked it when Basinger rubbed herself off to some painting slides. As for me, the striptease she does behind Venetian blinds – vaudeville hip-wiggling in silk, body wrapped in a telephone cord – was the peak, in every sense.

Sex Pistols

Sid 'n' Nancy followed. You may remember them. Vicious was his other name, and hers was Spungen. This is the story of the Sex Pistols from the point of view of a dead man. You can call what they had together a sort of love affair, I suppose, because as things turned out, they couldn't live without each other. Before he meets Nancy, Sid's under the impression that sex is 'boring, ugly hippy shit". She changes his mind, if that's the word I'm looking for. At the Chelsea Hotel, New York, where it ended badly for both of them, they set the room on fire without even noticing the blaze. Relationships don't come any bleaker than this, but your eyes don't leave the screen for an instant.

Anyone who believes that crime is a disease is invited to meet **Cobra**, "the cure". In a tone of voice that really sounds like someone having difficulty chewing a piece of gum every 12 hours, Sylvester Stallone tells you how it is in America. He's been abroad, mostly naked to the waist, killing Communists. Now he's all in black with mirror shades, cleaning up the backyard. With a matchstick in his teeth, he puts away one psycho after another. This seems to impress his wife-in-real-life, Brigitte Nielsen, playing a spooked fashion model who likes a lot of ketchup on her hamburgers. While my mind was busy being crunched by this tough spectacle, Maisie took the opportunity to book herself a flight to Zurich, one-way.

However, she settled back next to me for **Rancho Notorious**, a moody and unusual western that Fritz Lang made back in the 1950s. It starts out as a simple revenge plot with Arthur Kennedy pursuing the thugs that murdered his girlfriend, but gets wonderfully sidetracked by the appearance of Marlene Dietrich. She's Alta Keane, the kind of saloon girl other women would be happy for lightning to hit, who now runs an outlaw hideout as a hard, commercial proposition but who'll still take a bullet to protect the man she loves. Maisie, I'm sad to say, doesn't like westerns any more than Cathy. Very few women do. I asked her about that.

"It's like watching a man drink beer all evening," she said, hardly giving it much thought.

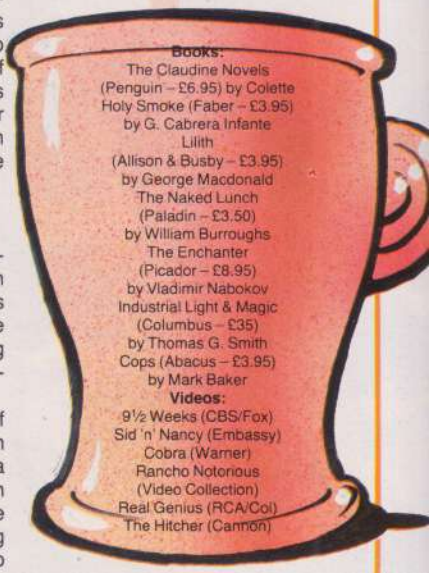
All that altered with **The Hitcher**, a chilly variation on an old urban legend, the guy you shouldn't have stopped for. "My mother told me never to do this," says the boy who nearly falls asleep at the wheel and thinks a companion would help him to stay awake. Anything you do that you're not supposed to do usually costs double. This killer (portrayed by Rutger Hauer with a terrible emptiness) fools around with the young driver, soaks him with gasoline, puts severed fingers in his chips, vanishes, then reappears to do more damage. This is the type of tease-horror where Maisie sinks teeth into pillows and ruins her nail-varnish. I'm not any braver than her, it's just that I don't seem to be able to look away.

Stunned Hero

"I think I deserve something lightweight," said Maisie, emerging from makeshift camouflage. "My heart's going like a metronome. Give me sex or give me laughter. I'm leaving tomorrow. I'd like to be presentable."

I showed her my review copy of **Real Genius**, a teen science fiction comedy full of practical jokes, a *Lemon Popsicle* idea smeared with a little calculus. The bad guy is the school's professor who's using some pupils with freakish IQs to build him a laser strong enough to eliminate a single target from outer space. The good guys are flunking exams, trying to make it with women, getting homesick and depressed or just playing with themselves. The put-down lines are sharp, to say the least. "Can you hammer a six-inch nail through a board with your penis?" one girl asks the stunned hero who doesn't want people to think he's all grey matter. Maybe this is a slight movie, but it broke a mildy rancid atmosphere for me. Maisie hooted through it like someone who's just recovered from a major throat operation. Then she ducked inside the bathroom sporting a grin the size of Mexico.

No doubt, Kim Basinger's striptease had stirred up a few pleasant flashbacks. I'm only guessing, though. The fact of the matter is, she appeared in the doorway, enticingly backlit and smelling vaguely of honey. Notions of her imminent departure for Europe, plus the slow descent of one or two remaining items of clothing (white pyjama top, mauve satin garter) really put paid to any trace of ill-feeling between us. Butter would have melted at least three yards from her body then, any part of it.



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Videos:
9½ Weeks (CBS/Fox)
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Cobra (Warner)
Rancho Notorious
(Video Collection)
Real Genius (RCA/Col)
The Hitcher (Cannon)

club Chance would be a fine thing!

Photographs by Eric Labé

Dominique would be the first to admit she doesn't need to model for the money. Courtesy of several razor-sharp investments made on her behalf by her businessman father, this classy 23-year-old from Brittany – pictured in her central Paris penthouse apartment – doesn't need to do *anything* for the money. Can we assume, then, that taking a *Club Chance* is just one way of relieving the tedium for a bored little rich girl?

"Of course it helps me to spend my time, but I need to prove to myself I can still do things well, and be *wanted* by other people. For this reason, I am glad to be chosen by Club, because it means I have been chosen for my body and the quality of my pictures rather than my money. I am also happy when I am able to sell my travel articles to magazines, even though I often give away the money to charities."

Fair enough. And there's more (this last sentence to be read in an Irish accent).

"Besides, I am first and foremost a *girl* – and I have feelings like any other girl. It makes me hot inside to show my body to men. Of course, I become even hotter when nice things are done to my body, and I like to have the opportunity to, er, reciprocate. Every time I give a man an orgasm, I consider it to be a personal achievement.

"I like to think, in fact, that I'm quite a sexy girl."

Good-looking, sexy, intelligent, shrewd – we'd say Dominique has a *wealth* of talent.



































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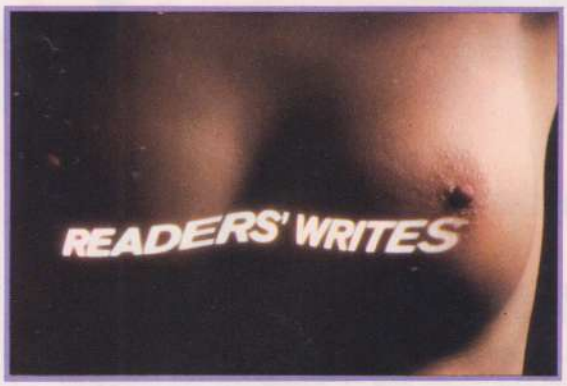
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continued from page 7

squeaked meekly.

"Yes," she said, slipping out of bed. "Just go back to bed and I'll fetch you something." I beat a hasty, embarrassed retreat to my room.

I lay nervously on my front, trying to disguise the hard-on I now had. She entered the room and sat quietly on the edge of my bed wearing nothing but the nightie, her rounded tits silhouetted in the moonlight coming through the window. I shut my eyes.

"Take this," she said. I gulped the foul liquid down and buried my face in the pillow.

I felt a light touch on my shoulders which increased in pressure as I sighed.

"It must have been a long drive – you're so tense," said Sue.

"Uh-uh," I murmured, enjoying the sensual touches which had, before I realized it, worked down to the cheeks of my arse and the inside of my thigh.

I opened my eyes sharply, raised my head off the pillow and looked at her. She said nothing and smiled, gently continuing her finger glides.

All of a sudden she bent over me and whispered: "Kiss me." I couldn't speak, move, or reason. I just lay there open-mouthed, looking into her soft eyes. Basically, I was shit-scared. I could do nothing but let her lips brush against mine. I turned on to my back and allowed her to kiss me properly – softly at first, and then with more meaning as our tongues embraced and explored each other's mouths.

She pulled away to remove her nightie, which floated off the side of the bed, and she casually slipped into the bed beside me. I turned on my side to face her as the heat from her body seemed to increase the size of my prick even more. I instinctively put my hand down and cupped a smooth breast and she threw her head back.

"Fuck me," she moaned.

Well, I wasn't one for wondering whether to ask if she was sure: besides, the damp heat from her cunt told me she needed no persuasion.

I pushed her roughly on to her back and rolled on top. She looked at me, her lips wet and eyes wide. I moved slowly down her belly, tracing glittery lines with my tongue as I went. I reached her cunt and flicked my tongue in and out. A pair of hands reached behind my head and forced me in closer and I obliged her obvious need by ramming my tongue deep inside her.

Her hips bucked wildly and I could feel her slowly coming, so I withdrew. I drew level with her face and kissed her passionately, my hard length pressed against her cunt lips as her juices mixed in our kiss. "Now!" she cried, shaking in anticipation. Inch by inch, I teased her until we were locked in a tight, sweaty embrace.

We fucked for what seemed ages – and when we eventually came, we were bucking and writhing wildly. Exhausted, I withdrew and kissed her once more before being pushed softly on to my back, where she proceeded to lick my spunk off my cock, drawing every drop she could manage.

Needless to say that was the closest I came to fishing that weekend, although my rod *was* used quite a lot.

KD, Cornwall

Top Ten Corner

1 Maria Whittaker (model)
2 Jane Badler (Diana in "V")
3 Sam Fox (model)
4 Karen (Vol 15 No 8)
5 Debee Ashby (model)
6 Miranda (Vol 15 No 13)
7 Kate Bush (singer)
8 Linzi Drew (model)
9 Patsy Kensit (singer/actress)
10 Susanna Hoffs (The Bangles)

Rab, Edinburgh

Wearing Well

For many years now I have indulged in the delicious practice of dressing up in women's clothes.

I first took to doing it when I discovered my mother had a lovely pink satin slip. I used to wear it and wank into it. I can vividly remember the feel of the satin round my prick as I used to wank myself off into it, building up into a massive load of spunk which would nearly shoot through the satin. Stockings were another item I used. I would wrap the nylon stocking round my prick, wank, and watch my spunk spurt through the stocking.

I am now in my 40s, and have been married for many years. My wife will not let me dress up in her presence, although she knows of my love for dressing up in women's clothes and wanking. We enjoy a good sex life and fuck regularly. My wife wears stockings, suspenders, and French panties. When we fuck she usually wears these clothes, being careful not to mark them with spunk.



Top Ten Corner: *Featuring Debee's top two*

I regularly visit a prostitute in London. Before I go I spend the day in London buying lingerie, which gets me worked up just looking at and touching up all the different items. I will eventually buy perhaps a slip, French panties, a bra or a suspender belt – or even a nice nightdress. One prostitute I use dresses me, and as each piece of clothing slides on to my body the urge to wank and stroke the panties becomes greater. If I as much as touch my prick, she scolds me. By the time I am fully-dressed, she makes me parade in front of her and admire myself in a mirror. She will then lead me to a bed and then she parades in front of *me*, still forbidding me to wank myself.

She then gently strokes me, running her hands all over me and giving me a nice slow wank. I always shoot a tremendous load of come.

I am at present writing to you dressed up in a black satin suspender belt, nylon stockings (fully-fashioned with seams), white satin French panties (with a lot of lace round the legs), a white satin bra, a brown full-length slip and a pale blue dress. My prick is already running with pre-come juice and staining my panties and slip, as I am not wearing a French letter. My panties feel gorgeous around my arse and prick. My prick is pushing out and is really creaming my panties and slip. Writing this letter has made me feel tremendously randy.

Will close now, look through your magazine at a cunt and have a nice slow wank.

Name and address withheld



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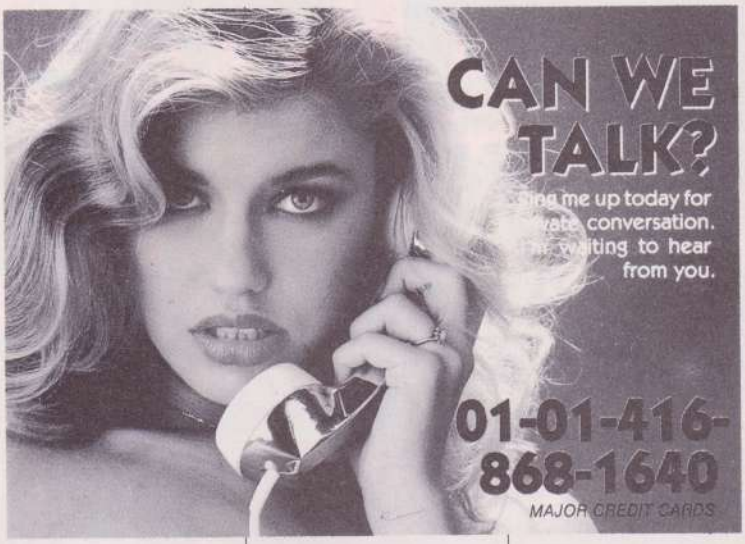
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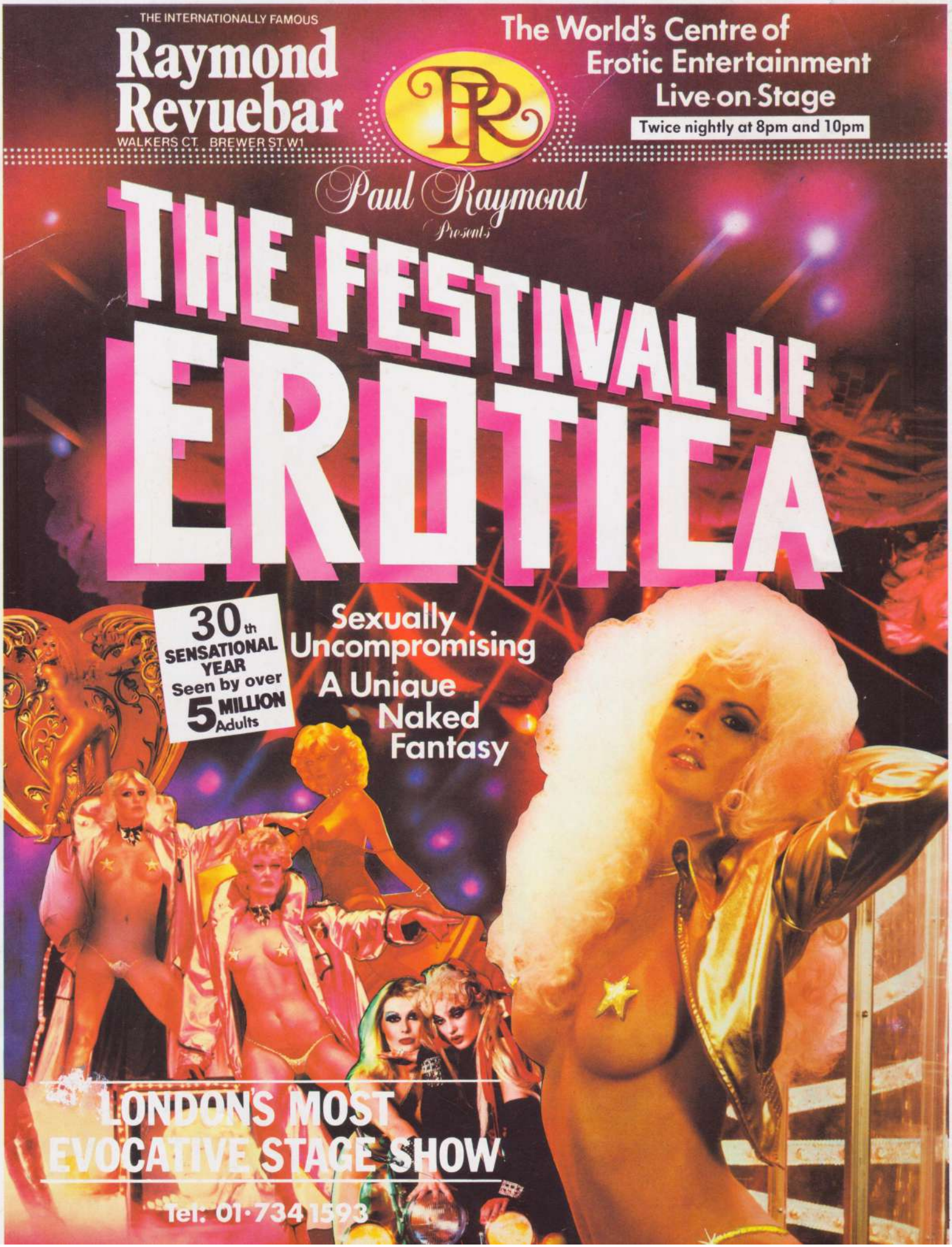
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